

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A NEW DRESS FOR AUNT SALLY

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Two

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

HEROES OF THE TRAWLERS

The Father Taken From the Arms of His Son

STORIES OF A FISHING FLEET

From the fishing fleet of Aberdeen come two stories of two brave fishermen.

The first of these was Robert Chettleburgh, skipper of the Strathleven, who was drowned in trying to rescue his brother, the mate.

The trawl-net had been fouled by a rope as the crew were hauling in, and in the rough sea the mate was tripped up and carried overboard.

Dragged Into the Heavy Sea

As he staggered, his brother flung his arms round his neck to save him; but in vain. The flying rope dragged them both with it into the heavy sea.

The crew threw out lifebuoys, and the skipper, grasping one, passed it to his brother. The second lifebuoy fell short. When the skipper, in his heavy sea-boots, strove to reach it he disappeared.

In the gale the crew launched the small boat and, after three-quarters of an hour of pulling, got up to the mate. He was lying across the lifebuoy, unconscious. He was delirious when at last they got him aboard.

But the brave skipper never more was seen, and the fisherman who tells the tale added a word which adds a strange note of grief to the tragedy. All the while that brave man who was drowned was in the water he never spoke a word nor called for help.

In the Darkness

The second story from this fishing fleet is from the trawler Strathloch, which was in the storm of the next day. She came back to port with her skipper mourning the death of his father whom he had tried to save, and tried in vain.

A sea had struck the trawler, carrying the trawling gear overboard just as it was being hauled in. It was nearly dark, and by the feeble light of the ship's lamp a man in yellow oilskins could be seen floating on the water.

The skipper kicked off his boots, but with all his clothes on went over the side and swam strongly to the fisherman who had been wrenched overboard. He reached him. It was his own father!

The crew threw a line, the skipper caught it and, still holding his father, was hauled in toward the trawler. Just as the crew were preparing to haul the two aboard another heavy sea struck the ship and the swimmer. It wrenched the father from his son's grasp. He sank and was seen no more. The skipper was nearly unconscious when hauled aboard. The Strathloch cruised about for a long time, trying to find the man who had so nearly been saved, but the sea gave not up its dead.

Greeting the Dawn



This beautiful camera study is worthy of the chisel of a sculptor or the brush of an artist. It shows agricultural students of Studley College in Warwickshire and a friend greeting the new day when setting out to work.

A WINDOW IN THE SKY

Those of us who have felt that we would like to be high in the world may envy Mr. George Kovachich, the caretaker of the Liver Building in Liverpool, who occupies a flat more than 300 feet above the street.

From his roof garden men in the road look like flies and cars like beetles, while the ferry boats resemble toys paddling about in a pool.

Out of his window on a fine day Mr. Kovachich can see the Welsh mountains and follow the course of ships in the Irish Sea, and can get his time from a clock whose minute-hand is nearly three times the height of a man.

But, though they are so remote from the hurry and bustle of life, neither Mr. Kovachich nor his wife would like to come down to earth. "Here (say they) we have no neighbours except the gulls; we can laugh at burglars; and there are no cats in our backyard. Nobody can look in at the window except people in aeroplanes, and, in addition to these advantages, we've got the finest wireless aerial in Liverpool."

THE LITTER LOUT IN CANADA

Some little time ago the C.N. suggested a very interesting method of curing the Litter Lout of his ways.

We asked manufacturers of chocolates, cigarettes, and films to print on the wrappings a request that they should not be thrown down.

Canadian readers will consider this a wise suggestion, for a similar step has been taken in Canada with admirable results.

Some years ago forest fires and grass fires, often started by a careless match or cigarette, were common in Western Canada. Then someone had an idea. Why not ask people to be more careful? So it has happened that matchboxes, cigarette packages, and wrappers of all kinds now bear a request: "Please help to prevent forest fires." The notice is hung up in railway carriages, and the Post Office even stamps it on letters.

And now the fire evil is dying out on the Western plains, for people have begun to think. So, after all, a word to the Litter Lout may prove effective. He may not really be bad; perhaps he is only thoughtless.

AN ISLAND'S QUEER ANIMALS THE WILD LIFE OF MADAGASCAR

British Museum to Send Out an Expedition

MARCO POLO AND SINDBAD

By Our Natural Historian

A British Museum expedition of discovery is due in Madagascar at the end of this month to write the reality of romance and legend which have stirred the fancy of civilisation for centuries.

The purpose of the explorers is to collect examples of the birds and animals, living and dead, which set Madagascar apart from the rest of the world.

Madagascar, the third largest island, is separated from the south-east coast of Africa by the Mozambique Channel, which, although only some 250 miles across at its narrowest point, is more than 600 feet deep. Therefore, except to winged creatures of powerful flight, the island is a world to itself.

The Home of the Great Roc

It is the chief home of the lemurs, the only place where we find the astonishing aye-aye, the sole dwelling-place of the tenrecs, animals with more teeth than any other and producing as many as 21 young at a birth. Of 47 genera of animals found in Madagascar, 33 are to be found nowhere else on Earth.

The island has its own special river hog, its 13 species of unique mice, its great cat-like fossa, and mongooses different from all other mongooses.

But Madagascar had her place in literature long before we knew anything about her strange mammals. The island is the home of the fabled great roc, of Marco Polo, and Sindbad. There can be no doubt that Marco Polo visited Madagascar. He describes it and its customs; but it is obvious that he received his fabulous account of its animal life from the legends of Arab voyagers. From the legends recounted to Marco Polo to the experiences of Sindbad is but a stride.

Mightiest Wingless Birds

We know already that Madagascar once had the mightiest wingless birds in the world. The giant moa was 12 feet high, but was a pigmy compared with the acpyornis. Many remains of Madagascar's flightless titans have been found, but the most impressive has been the egg of this astounding bird. The ostrich egg is a meal for many, but the acpyornis egg was equal to three ostrich eggs. Its circumference was 36 inches, its girth 30 inches.

So much wonder is hidden in the past of Madagascar's animals that it is almost certain inquiry will lead to entirely new chapters, perhaps to the re-writing of much of the story of the rise and development of the animal families of the Earth. E. A. B.

WHO LOVES AN UGLY THING?

ANSWER—THE G.P.O.

One More Great National Opportunity Thrown Away FORCING THE COMMONPLACE ON THE PEOPLE

It is astonishing to ordinary people that such glorious opportunities are so often thrown away by those who manage the nation's affairs.

We all believe in beauty, and we all love beautiful things, yet again and again it happens that the chance to do a beautiful thing is thrown away and the chance to do an ugly or commonplace thing is seized upon. We have had one more example in the issue of the new British stamps.

Good Examples Abroad

Stamps and coins give countries a unique opportunity which nothing else can offer. Everybody has a coin in his pocket; everybody handles a stamp. What could be wiser, therefore, than to make these things beautiful?

We cross the narrow waters of the Channel and are instantly in a country where stamps and coins are works of art. Wherever we go on the Continent they are beautiful things—tributes to great people, memories of historic events, and works of art as well. It is one of the most obvious good ideas that we come across wherever we go abroad.

Shabby Stamps and Coins

Yet at home our stamps and coins are the stodgiest things we produce. Nobody ever looks twice at any of them (except that we all look a little longingly at a coin before we let it go!). As things to look at they are shabby indeed, and it is to be hoped that we shall never be judged as lovers of beauty by the things the Mint and the Post Office turn out for us. What the Mint can do we know by its National War Medal, which is a perfect example of everything it should be; but what the Mint does we know by looking at a sixpence, which is a perfect example of what it should not be. As for the Post Office, we have no good example to quote; we should like to see it burn all its stamps and destroy all the dies it makes them from, and start afresh. Their designers have learned nothing since the Penny Post began.

The kindest thing anyone could say about the newest British postage-stamps is that they are no worse than the old ones.

A Warning to the World

A great opportunity was offered to the Postmaster-General. A Postal Union Congress was sitting in London, and the great occasion was to be commemorated by issuing special stamps.

The special line was issued, and it proved to be the sort of stamps one could expect at a bargain sale. The halfpenny stamp looks like a label for a bottle.

England was the first country to establish the Penny Post. It was the real founder of the postage-stamp that goes all over the world. All the world sees our stamps—and has taken warning from them!

Other countries, and the British Dominions themselves, choose designs which are things of beauty and give pleasure, or are symbols of the countries from which they take their origin. The Swan for Western Australia, for example, or Table Mountain for South Africa—we could hardly find space to name all the fine designs that come to us from America.

France, too, has just given a fine lead. Their Post Office has just issued stamps on which are engraved beautiful designs of Mont St. Michel, the Arc de Triomphe, Rheims Cathedral, the port of La Rochelle, Joan of Arc, and the lovely Roman aqueduct in Provence, the Pont du Gard. Why could not our Post Office

AUNT SALLY

What She Must Do

GET A NEW DRESS OR GO

Aunt Sally is to buy some new clothes or to hide herself from public view, if the recommendations of a Home Office Committee are to be carried out.

It is great news, and even Aunt Sally's chief proprietors, Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt, will come to like it for it will make them less unpopular with those who love the beautiful countryside they are doing so much to ruin.

What has happened is that a committee, presided over by Sir Lionel Earle, Secretary to the Office of Works, has issued recommendations for the treatment of petrol stations, in response to the great public indignation aroused by the hideous sights set up along our country roads.

The New Petrol Station

The committee recommends that the presence of a station shall be indicated by a suitable sign, that flashing lamps shall be prohibited, that galvanised or corrugated iron roofing shall not in future be allowed, that the premises shall be kept in a tidy and orderly condition, and that all stations shall have a uniform colour, except for a distinctive band which will be permitted on pumps and oil containers. No unnecessary advertising matter is to be allowed and the name of the proprietors is to be limited to letters not over twelve inches deep, and fixed not higher than the lowest level of the roof.

Step by step the fight against ugliness is being won. The petrol stations which sprawl along our great roads like inflated goliwogs will come to be things of the past. In the meantime the fight must go on, for thousands of these hawk-gawky monsters are already in possession.

But the recommendations of Sir Lionel Earle's committee are an immense step forward, and it is certain that the day will soon come when Aunt Sally must have a new costume or disappear from public life.

LORD ROSEBERY

A Victorian Prime Minister

Another notable link with the past has been broken by the death of Lord Rosebery.

He passed away within two weeks after his 82nd birthday. For some years he had lived in retirement.

One of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers, he had been Foreign Secretary and succeeded Mr. Gladstone in the Liberal leadership; but he was perhaps greater as an orator and a writer than as a statesman; and greater than any of his contemporaries, possibly, in a promise which, to the regret of all who knew him, was never fully realised. He is succeeded by his eldest son. His promising second son, Hon. Neil Primrose, was killed in the war.

THE COURAGE OF THE NORTH

After opening the great Industrial Exhibition at Newcastle the other day the Prince of Wales was presented with a model of a miner's safety lamp as a cigar lighter.

The Prince declared that the purpose of the Exhibition was to "revitalise existing industries, and discover how they should be adapted and improved to provide fresh channels of labour in an area that has had more than its fair share of hard times."

Continued from the previous column

issue stamps with views of Windsor Castle, the Tower, Ely Cathedral, the Thames from Waterloo Bridge, or Tintern Abbey? We could think of many more places and many more things.

It is a lamentable fact that not for a hundred years have we had a beautiful coin, or a beautiful stamp—because our authorities are too stupid to see the need of them.

TONS OF BOOKS

England's Gift to Japan

A TOKEN OF GOODWILL FROM WEST TO EAST

The other day Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gave the Japanese Ambassador a copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer.

They could not very well hand him several packing-cases full of books and so they chose one volume as a symbol of the English library that Great Britain is bestowing on Tokyo University.

In the fire that followed the terrible earthquake of 1923 Tokyo lost its collection of English books, and England determined to replace them. Already 32 tons of books have been sent to Japan. Men of all shades of political thought have helped the movement which was started by Lord Curzon and for which £25,000 was voted by the Labour Government in 1924. Publishers, libraries, and learned societies have been generous in their gifts.

The Japanese Prime Minister has said how greatly his nation values this monument to British scholarship and goodwill. It is a great gift, but it springs from the simple neighbourly feeling that makes us take a bunch of flowers to a friend in misfortune.

KNOWING MORE ABOUT EACH OTHER

Cecil Rhodes House

The great wish of Cecil Rhodes was that the men and women of every part of the English-speaking world should know more about each other.

The Rhodes House at Oxford, built as a memorial to that giant Empire-builder, was lately opened by Sir Otto Beit, the senior Rhodes trustee. It is to be a great educational centre for men and women from all parts of the British Empire and the United States. The building is not intended to be used exclusively by Rhodes scholars. Any member of the University will be able to enjoy its privileges.

Eventually the library, which has room for a hundred thousand books, may contain the finest collection in the world of Dominion and American literature and history. As this wing of the building, with its lecture rooms, has been handed over to the University all the books in the Bodleian which deal with these special subjects will be housed here and gradually added to by the trustees.

We shall soon be hearing more of Rhodes House. In July the twenty-fifth anniversary of the full working of the Rhodes scheme will be celebrated here, and all old Rhodes scholars are invited to Oxford to join in the festivities.

IN MEMORY OF AMUNDSEN

When Amundsen and his companions disappeared in the quest of the lost Italia the world recognised the sacrifice of these brave men as a tribute to the essential oneness of the human family.

The world is to have an opportunity to recognise this essential oneness in a tangible way.

Norway, Amundsen's native land, is going to build a vessel on the model of those used by the Vikings of old, and under the name of the Roald Amundsen this vessel is to make a voyage round the world.

It will carry samples of the produce and manufactures of Norway, and at each port at which it will call a collection will be made toward the cost of a suitable monument to the great explorer.

The idea is a happy one, and its success should mark another step forward in the gradual betterment of international relations

THE KING IN HIS CASTLE

At Home Again

The King is at his home again and all will be well.

There was something endearing and homely in his journey from Craigweil House to Windsor Castle. For long weeks he had been a prisoner, albeit a cheerful and hopeful one, in that sunny house by the sea.

His people who had kept vigil outside his sick chamber at Buckingham Palace uplifted their hearts a little when he was able to leave it for the shores of the English Channel, where their sailor-king could look on the sea.

A Happy Day

They became more reassured every week, and almost every day, until that cheerful Monday came when the King, standing upright with his Queen beside him, smiled and raised his hat to the Easter throng which had come to look at the windows of the house, and which the King invited to come nearer.

In the King's own message he said how the love and sympathy of his people had helped him. The same feelings accompanied the King and Queen on their journey to Windsor.

The Queen had been to Windsor beforehand to see that everything was ready. New carpets were in the corridors, new furniture in the cheerful rooms, and the flower-beds were planted with his Majesty's favourite flowers.

What a homecoming it was, and how English! Like the King himself, English to the core.

THE HOLY WAR

Changing the Lives of Men

The Salvation Army has opened a new Victory Hall on the site of its old Blackfriars Road Shelter in Southwark.

On this site for forty years the Army has been waging a relentless war against the miseries of the homeless poor, and it was to this fight that General Higgins was referring when he said, in opening the new building, that "there have probably been more changes in the lives and hearts of ruined men on this spot than in any other place in the world."

The old shelter was known among the Miserables as Blackfriars Road Penny Sit-Up. The new building is a model shelter, with little dormitories let out at fivepence and eightpence, lined with neat beds covered with spotless linen. On one of the walls hangs a little bit of philosophy which is true and good for all and may be passed on: "Gambling is a fool's game; the book-maker always wins."

THINGS SAID

I am feeling very fit. *The King*

I love to let the rain pour over me.

Bishop of London

I believe in hard work for everyone.

Sir William Joynton-Hicks

Pointed shoes are an abomination.

Mr. Edwin A. Lindsay

I hate to see this country take second place.

Sir Henry Segrave

Every new building should be a good neighbour.

Lord Lee

Christ abolished man-made barriers by ignoring them.

Dean Inge

Surely a man can exist five minutes without tobacco.

Judge Crawford

Tobacco is not a good thing for industry.

Mr. Henry Ford

I can name several theatres I avoid because I object to tobacco fumes being blown into my face.

Lady Bunn

With one hand we make beautiful parks; with the other hand we destroy them with sulphur and dust.

Mr. Arthur Keen

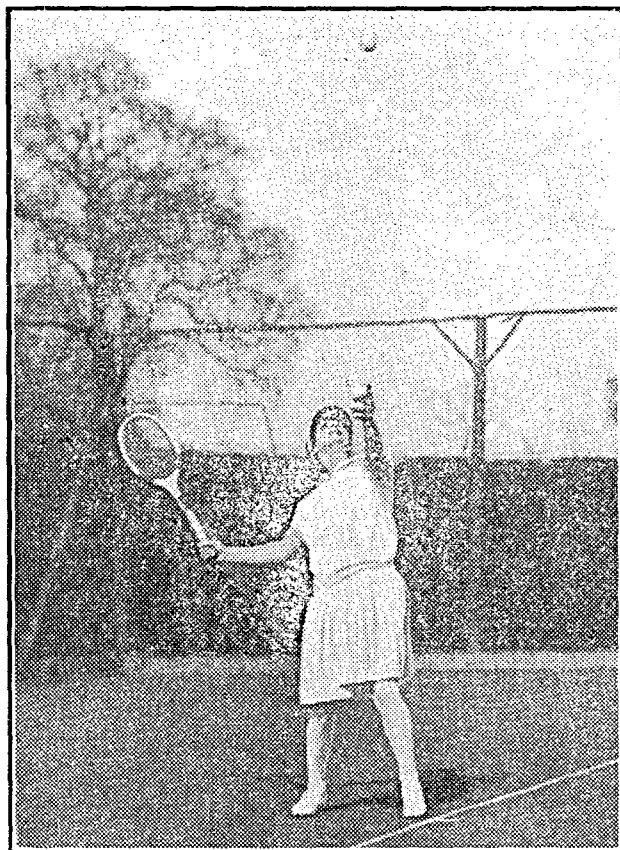
A GOAT-HERD IN PARIS • NEW TRAFFIC SIGNALS • GRACE DARLING'S BOAT



An Open-Air Art Lesson—Ewell Castle, which is now a school, stands in beautiful grounds, and on sunny days the pupils take their drawing lessons in the open air, as seen here.



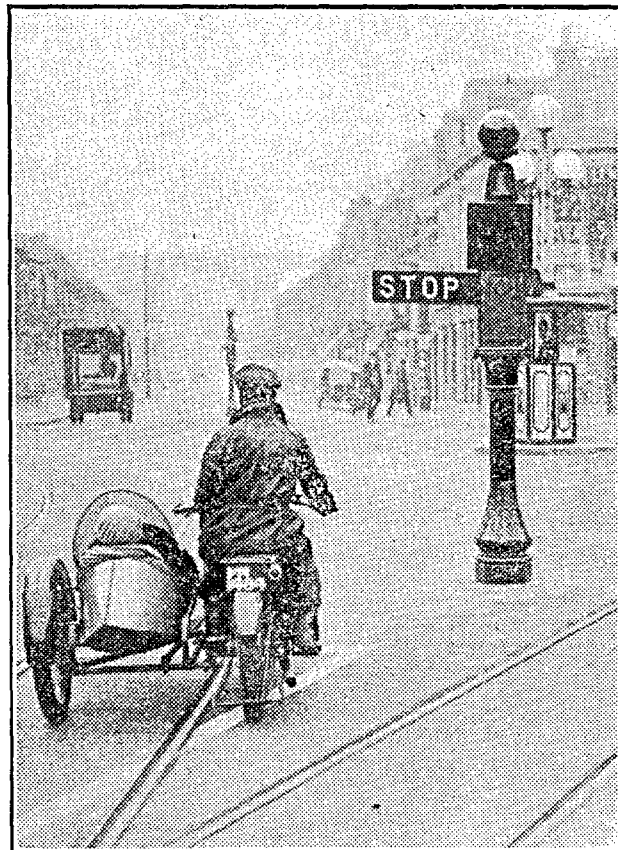
A Strange Sight in Paris—This goat-herd and his little flock attract much attention on their daily round in the streets of Paris. The goats are milked at the doors of customers.



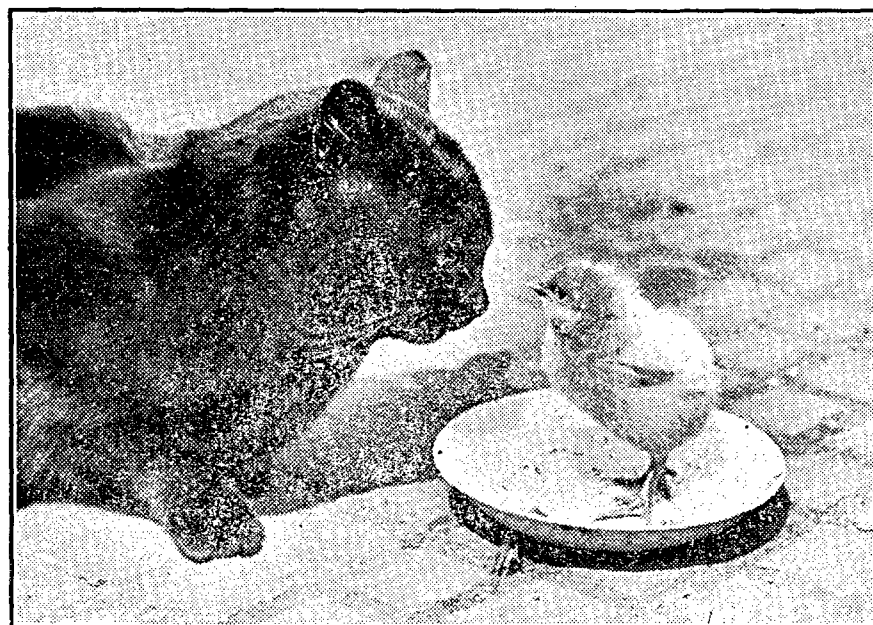
Practising for Wimbledon—Miss Helen Wills, the famous American tennis champion, has come to England again for the Wimbledon tournaments. In this picture we see her at practice.



Playmates—Although the two puppies in this picture are not very big their little friend found that one of them was quite an armful to nurse.



New Traffic Signals—At a busy cross-roads in Brighton the police have installed a traffic signalling system which is controlled from a kiosk. The signals have coloured lights and bells.



Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?—Nigger, the black cat, appears to be genuinely interested in the latest arrival at the farm, and the chick is sure it has found a good friend.



Grace Darling's Boat—The boat in which Grace Darling rowed out in a raging sea to rescue a shipwrecked crew is now at the North-East Coast Exhibition at Newcastle.

ONLY A CIGARETTE END

Why Not Put It Out? THE DANGER INDOORS AND OUT FROM CARELESS SMOKERS

By a Country Traveller

The other day a wild duck was found burned to death on her nest in a heath fire on the Dorset coast. She would not desert her young and so she perished because someone was too lazy to put out a cigarette end.

Smokers ought to know that one-sixth of the property loss from fire is attributed to cigarette ends and matches.

In one year 30,000 fires were traced to cigarette ends in America, and damage was done to buildings and land to the extent of more than a million pounds.

The danger in London theatres has become increasingly great since smoking was allowed in most of them, and we saw a smoker in a kinema the other day throw down a red-hot cigarette end which burned the carpet—the carpet which somebody else had paid for—and which might have cost other people's lives.

Heath and Forest Fires

After English hostesses have given dances they always find burns on carpets and furniture left by their guests' cigarette ends. The other day one lady had a marquee set alight by a cigarette flung from a window, though a large notice at that window asked guests to use the ash-trays instead.

We fear that smoking makes people reckless, but if they will not give up the cigarette habit the least they can do is to acquire the Put-Out-That-End habit.

Nearly all heath and forest fires are caused by a careless smoker. That means that he is putting to a cruel death many small animals and birds caught in the flames, and in some cases robbing the villagers of their honey harvest.

"The little bit I make with my honey comes very handy Christmas-time," said an old woman to a C.N. reader the other day. "But what can my bees do this year, now all the heather is burned?"

ELECTRIC LINCOLNSHIRE

Lincolnshire, which has some of the most fertile soil and some of the most profitable farms in England, is to be the first county to be electrified.

Some 1281 square miles of the county are to be electrified under the new scheme of the Electricity Commission. Current for light, heat, and power will be supplied to more than a hundred towns and villages.

Every villager and every cottager, as well as every farmer, will be able to obtain an electric installation on hire or by hire purchase, and the result will quickly show whether the country districts want electricity and can employ it economically.

It is the first step toward electrifying England through its length and breadth.

HOW JAVA DOES IT

In an article on sugar crops Dr. Walter Elliot tells how under the Dutch flag in Java the Government spends £86,000 a year on research and companies spend another £160,000.

What is the result? The research workers have "by sheer thinking" raised the sugar production from 100 units an acre to 150. Java is turning out nearly three million tons of soft sugar from half a million acres of land, and while other sugar countries are poor and appealing to the League of Nations Java is immensely rich.

That comes of spending money on science instead of muddling along.

The College of Tropical Agriculture at Trinidad, which serves the whole of our Tropical Empire, gets but £30,000 a year—not an eighth of what Java spends on research.

THE ALLIGATOR AND THE CROCODILE

A Death Grapple in the Dark

It must be thrilling to wander through the Zoo at night, when the night animals are stirred by instinct to activity, when the darkness is pierced by the roar and howl and shriek of animals whose tide of life runs sluggish in the day.

But it is not romance and mystery only that the curtain of night conceals, there is tragedy at times when keepers cannot intervene.

They have a reptile there, George the alligator, which is playing on a small scale in real life the part attributed to all first-class dragons by chroniclers of old time. George is nearing his hundredth year, but his instinct for combat is fresh and virile.

He made up his mind some time ago to clear his tank of lesser specimens of

ANIMALS ARE GREAT GENTLEMEN

What the Little Wiry Man Said

By Our Country Girl

Our Country Girl met the other day a man who had been flung through the wind-screen of a car against a telegraph post.

"How terrifying!" she said.

"No, not really," he protested. "It happened so quickly that there was no time to be frightened."

He is a wiry man, much travelled, a war veteran, and old enough to have a grandson.

"In all your life," someone said, "have you never been afraid?"

"Of course I have," he confessed. "The worst time was when I was visiting a friend's farm in New South Wales," he said. "He had a mare who was so vicious that everyone was afraid of her. Even men who thought them-

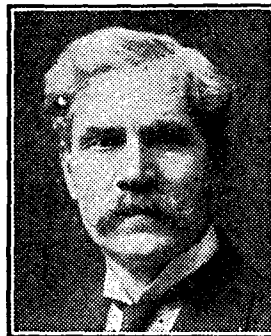
ALL ONE FOR LOVE OF ENGLAND



Mr. Lloyd George



Mr. Stanley Baldwin



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

We differ on so many problems of public importance that we gladly take an opportunity of showing that we speak with a united voice in advocating the preservation of our countryside in its rich personality and character.

We do this with full confidence that the development which is requisite in many forms can and should be directed with thoughtful and scrupulous attention to the charm of our land.

Apart from the natural beauties of hill and plain, of cliff, river, and lake,

much of this beauty is the direct result of bygone development and enterprise; and in these days when methods of planning and the appreciation of trees and landscape are more widely studied than ever before, we ought to be able so to effect necessary changes as to avoid injuring a precious heritage.

We wish, therefore, to endorse the appeal now being made for funds to assist the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

STANLEY BALDWIN

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

D. LLOYD GEORGE

his order, and he achieved his aim in a single night. For that he was banished to the solitude of an empty tank, and a crocodile was left to preside over the home, newly re-stocked, from which George had been evicted.

But evil communications corrupt good manners. The new lord of the pool followed George's example, and in turn made a meal of the juniors of his tribe. He was exiled to the company of George—two well-matched dragons.

All went well until a recent midnight. What happened then can only be guessed. The clues found in the morning were the dismembered remains of the crocodile, and George the alligator, placid, unscathed, and triumphant.

A PICTURE ON THE GASOMETER

Near the railway line between Naples and Pompeii, says a traveller, there is a small gasometer treated like a canvas.

A house, a tree, and some sky are painted on it. The eye-witness says that although it sounds absurd the effect is really very good. The gasometer stands in a small suburban area.

There seems no reason why gasometers should be painted the dirty red which is their usual colour. The C.N. has already told of one artist who approached the chairman of a gas company politely and persuaded him to have the gasometer in a seaside place on the South Coast painted a harmless green. The great thing almost melts into the surrounding fields, and everyone is grateful.

Why not more green gasometers?

selves roughriders treated her with the greatest respect.

"One day, as he and I were sitting talking on the verandah, I glanced up, and my friend said I turned the colour of death. He followed my gaze and saw his three-year-old daughter cuddling the mare's hind leg! I thought we should see her killed before our eyes.

"We must not move," I said. "Just call your child quietly."

"She came, and the mare moved off."

"We two men were shivering with fright, and the baby was as calm as if she had been stroking a doll.

"I have heard many cases since then of savage dogs and horses who would not harm little children. There is a great chivalry about beasts, a compassion and a forbearance that sometimes put man to shame. I have come to think that animals who are ill-treated have been made so by ill-treatment.

"Life has taught me that most animals are great gentlemen."

BRITISH WAY WITH PENSIONS

Great Britain has paid 913 million pounds in War Pensions, more than France and Germany together.

Pensions are still being paid to a million and a half people in this country; the final awards have been made in all but about 100,000 cases.

A scheme is being developed in which any pensioner who desires part of his pension to be saved for him by the Treasury may arrange for this to be done.

A PONY AT THE KINEMA

The Jelly-Fish, the Worm, and the Beetle

We like this story of what happened during an Animal Welfare Week in a provincial town.

Through the kindness and sympathy of a local kinema manager a thousand children witnessed a demonstration on the screen of the right way to feed and tend their pets.

Then it was announced that a visitor, who had heard that the place was filled with animal lovers, was coming to see them, and in trotted a pony, decked out with ribbons, not in the least afraid.

Up and down the gangways he trotted, while the delighted children made the rafters ring with their cheers.

Lines to Remember

But more joys were to come. A human friend mounted the stage and taught them these lines, which they very quickly had by heart.

Be kind to little animals wherever you may be,
And give the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea.

Be kind to worms on asphalt, for a stony path
they tread,
So pick them up and put them in the nearest
field instead.

A beetle on his back presents a most embar-
rassed sight,
So put him right way up, my lad, and ease his
awkward plight.

Then followed the moving film story of Rin-Tin-Tin, and at its close a member of the famous dog family came on to the stage and beamed at the audience, as if to say that he was as pleased to see them as they were to see him. The week closed with a Children's Dog Show. At least a hundred dogs were present, and nine horses. Prizes were given for the best-tended animals and for the dogs who came most quickly when called.

LITTLE LUCIFER BOX

Daughter of Charles Dickens

"She is nicknamed Lucifer Box from a lurking propensity to fieryness," said Charles Dickens of his second little girl.

But the tiny person's fire was not really bad temper. She was never sulky, or envious, or gloomy, and her merry nature made her a great favourite with her famous father.

The Dickens family was fond of private theatricals, and little Lucifer Box shone in them, but she had her caprices, like all leading ladies. One of the play bills in 1855 proudly announced the "Engagement of Miss Kate, who declined the munificent offers of the management last season."

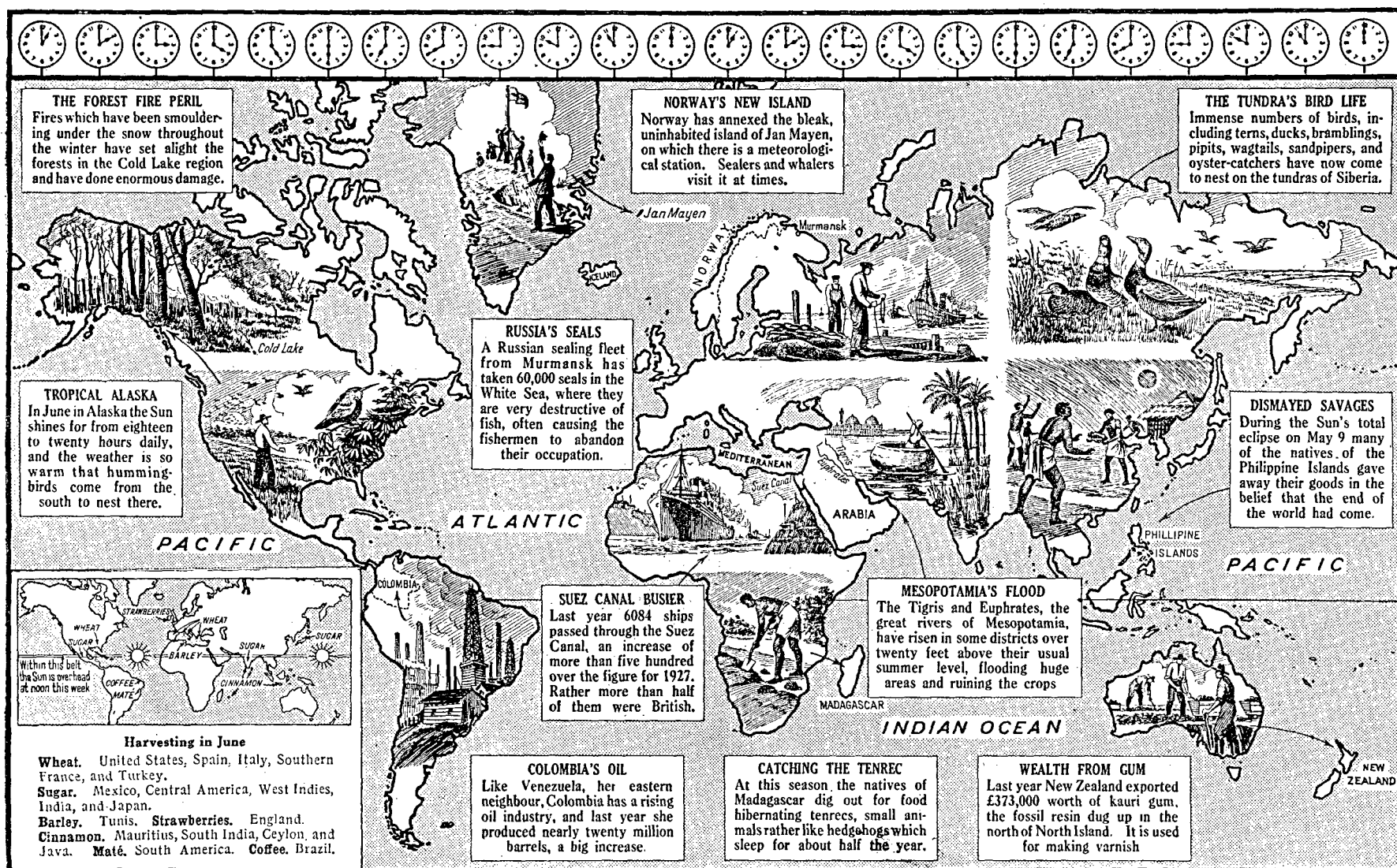
She loved drawing, and became a successful painter of children. The young artist married a painter and writer who was brother to Wilkie Collins, and they spent their honeymoon travelling through France in a sort of gig. He died early, and after some time she married another painter, Carlo Perugini. Never were people more happy, and a host of distinguished folk haunted their London house, attracted by the charm of the two artists. At last death broke the long companionship, and to her undying sorrow she became a widow again in 1918.

After that she lived in seclusion, but those who needed her found their friend as loyal and brave and witty as ever. She seemed to grow more beautiful as she grew older.

Now, in her ninetieth year, she has died. It is characteristic of her that she wished no one to wear mourning. Like the father she resembled so much she loved to make people happy, not mournful.

Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., now becomes the last living child of our great novelist.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE BEAUTY THAT IS PASSING AWAY Everybody's Fault

Coming back from London the other day at every eminence where I expected to see a piece of the glorious Garden of England what struck my eye was a petrol pump, or a tea kiosk, or one of those bungalows for which it is impossible to find a suitable adjective.

If this goes on unchecked we shall reduce rural England to a preserve of parks scheduled by Acts of Parliament, where people can go and think what it must have been like when England was a beautiful country.

Archbishop of Canterbury

The road through the centre of Kent used to be a beautiful road, but now, from the time we leave London to the time we reach Maidstone, we pass one hideous thing after another. Every tea house has a hoarding, and there are petrol pumps, garages, and sheds of every kind. When we reach Maidstone there is the ugliest advertisement in England, 30 feet high, illuminated with electric light at night and covered by day with posters. Those are things that make life hideous along the roads in this country.

Sir Martin Conway

A VERY LITTLE ENGINE

A new engine has just been constructed, but it will be impossible for any driver to get on board, or for it to pull anything much of a load. It is only a quarter of an inch long, and claims to be the world's smallest engine.

Mr. R. B. Cobb, a watchmaker of Matlock, has built it in his spare time.

About ten thousand revolutions each minute are made by the tiny flywheel.

In all probability this toy engine will be shown at the Model Engines Exhibition in London in September.

NEW ZEALAND LEADS THE VAN

Pioneer of the Penny Post

Some months ago, when the C.N. was pointing out how penny wise the Canadian Dominion was in restoring the penny post, and how pound foolish Mother England is in letting an Overseas Britain outstrip her, we omitted to state that New Zealand had already returned to the cheaper postal rate. Indeed, we asked "Who will be the first to follow the oldest Dominion's example?"

Here are the facts about New Zealand as they are officially stated.

An international penny post was introduced there in 1901. This was the first international penny post introduced by any country.

In 1920 New Zealand increased the letter rate to 2d. In February, 1923, it was reduced to 1½d., and in October, 1923, the penny post was brought back, and thus an example was set to the whole Empire.

It is never safe to refer to any evidence of wise progressive government in different parts of the Empire without verifying what New Zealand has done in the matter, for almost invariably she is leading the van.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE

Yesterday a miracle, today a commonplace: that is the Indian air mail. The other day it brought 20,000 letters from Karachi to Croydon in a week, and arrived only fifteen minutes late.

To think that on so great a journey there should be such faithfulness to the time-table is wonderful indeed. In the days of sailing-ships the mail might be weeks late, and now we have cut it down to a quarter of an hour. The methods we once called slow-but-sure were not so trusty and punctual as the new swift-but-sure ways of the air.

THE GOOD LOLLIPOP MAKER AND THE SOUTH POLE

Our folk-philosophy tells us that enterprise has its own reward, and that God helps those who help themselves.

Macpherson Robertson certainly helped himself to this world's goods by sheer hard work and enterprise.

When he was nine he came to Leith from Australia and sold newspapers in the mornings. Then from 6 to 10 p.m. he worked in a barber's shop as a lather-boy.

He returned to Australia and became a butcher's boy. An idea came to him, and he began to make sweetmeats in a threepenny tin saucepan over a fire burning in an old nail can. Soon he was hawking sugar animals for children from door to door.

This same Macpherson Robertson, who is now 70 and employs 2500 work-people, has lately given £10,000 toward the cost of the British-Australasian Antarctic Expedition which has been fitted out in London. A farewell dinner was lately given in London by the Antarctic Club to Sir Douglas Mawson, who is commanding the Expedition. Every member of this club has actually taken part in an Antarctic exploration expedition, and 35 Polar explorers were present at the dinner.

125,000 ACRES OF YOUNG TREES

The Forestry Commission, like the C.N., is thinking of the men and women of tomorrow and of the days after tomorrow.

While land development for building brings about a wholesale cutting down of trees, the Commission is steadily replenishing our little island with new forests. Since 1920 it has planted 125,000 acres and provided grants to assist local authorities and private individuals to plant another 65,000 acres. During the last four years many forest workers have been settled in part-time holdings; 537 holdings have been completed, and 267 are in progress.

NOTTINGHAM AND A FAMOUS COBBLER

Loss of an Interesting Building

We much regret that there appears to be no means of saving the little old chapel at Nottingham in which William Carey, the famous cobbler, preached the sermon that led to the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society and was the beginning of the modern Foreign Missionary Movement.

Carey's sermon was preached in 1792, and the little square room in which he preached it has been used for many purposes since that date. It stood in Friar Lane, a narrow way leading from Nottingham's old market-place up to the castle, but its doom has come at last by the widening of the lane.

It is a great pity, but we could almost forgive the city for robbing us of this interesting little building if it would carry on its street-widening so as to open up a view of the castle from the old market-place. This would be quite possible with a little ingenuity on the part of the architects, and would give the splendid space in front of the new City Hall an incomparable view.

BRIDGE MAKERS

In some parts of Jamaica the smallholder has not been able to get his goods to market easily. He has had to struggle along rough footpaths, scramble up and down ravines, and swim or wade streams.

So he went to the Government, and said "I want more roads and bridges."

"If you want them well enough to make them," said the Government, "we will give you money for the materials."

The smallholders agreed. They have worked with a will, and already the Governor has opened two of their bridges in the eastern section of the island, one of them 60 feet and the other 133 feet long.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 1

1929

The Man Who Sleeps
By Napoleon

ALWAYS when we have been in Paris we have tried to pay homage to the great man who sleeps in a simple tomb not far from the tomb of Napoleon, a man who saved more lives than Napoleon destroyed.

In the chapel of the Invalides, the home which Louis the Fourteenth built for his crippled soldiers, lies Napoleon, the Captain of the Men of Death; outside, not far away, lies Pasteur, the Captain of the Men of Life. Now to the side of Napoleon has come a hero famous for good as Napoleon is infamous for ill; and we feel that the gilded dome will have a new interest.

In laying Marshal Foch by Napoleon's side the other day France gave all the world the greatest contrast that war can ever show, and we cannot but believe that, as time passes, the gorgeous Tomb of Napoleon will be dominated completely by the noble soldier who represents everything that is best in that great land.

Napoleon made war to satisfy an unbounded personal ambition. His goal was conquest, no matter what the cost to his country and to the nations he attacked.

Marshal Foch felt through every fibre of his being that the only aim which could possibly justify War was Peace. A man of simple mould, deeply sincere, he saw with clearest sight the need for defending outraged right against the assaults of brutal wrong; but when that had been achieved true victory could only be reached in peace. "Above war there is peace" was his ruling thought.

No faintest trace of personal triumph can be discovered in that greatest of all military victors. He sought no honours. His reward was in the calm of peace that he lived to see settling upon the nations who had witnessed the overthrow of aggression and the futility of selfish strife. The contrast between him and the slaughtering Corsican who sleeps beside him is complete.

Napoleon made himself a name at which, in the fullness of his power, "the world grew pale." Foch made all the world his debtor and took no prize except its gratitude. He it was who by his victory gave the world the chance of freeing itself from the incubus of war. He led the world through victory to peace. As the world realises this more fully his tomb will be one of its most sacred shrines, and men will pause under the golden dome to think of the shining contrast of these two, the man of great simplicity and peace whose fame will endure, and the man of the sword whose name will perish with the sword.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Eyes or Throttle?

SO somebody wanted to make a big amusement park in lovely Dovedale.

He thought the scenery was not sufficient reward for those who travelled there by car or coach, and he would turn the famous valley into a copy of Blackpool Beach. Luckily, the owner of Dovedale refused to sell for such a purpose.

There are still people who think with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, that good friend of the roads who died the other day, that *it is better to travel with your eyes rather than your throttle open.*

The Workmen In

A ROOM we know has just been in the hands of the workmen, and this is what we found when they had gone.

Not one of the latches on three doors would work.

A mirror was wrongly fixed.

Some nails were out of place; four left in were painted over.

Furniture was splashed with paint.

The wall was plugged in the wrong place for a bracket.

A picture was wrongly hung.

It was like one of our old puzzles—What is Wrong in This Room?

On the other hand, we know a library which the workmen have lately left looking simply beautiful.

The Post Office and Its Chance

ONE of our readers writes concerning the Post Office stamp books to which we referred the other day.

He thinks it humiliating that the Post Office cannot sell us a little book of stamps without a whisky advertisement. So do we. We doubt if a British Government has ever done a more paltry thing than to raise a few shillings in this way.

If the Post Office believes in the effectiveness of these advertisements in its stamp books would it not be wise for it to advertise itself?

How many people know that the Post Office will wake you up any morning at any time you like? How many people know that we can ring up the Meteorological Office and ask for the weather at any place?

We have all a lot to learn about the Post Office and its wonderful public services, and the little stamp book is an admirable opportunity for St. Martin's-le-Grand to make itself known to its servants or masters, whichever we are.

Sweet Violets

I know, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn,
I know the place you come from,
And the way that you are born!
When God cuts holes in Heaven,
The holes the stars look through:
He lets the scraps fall down to Earth,
And the little scraps are you!

Alarm in Paris

LOVERS of pure French are seriously disturbed at present concerning the corruptions which are daily creeping into the language of Racine and Molière.

A kind of fashion in broken English has sprung up, and people who know only two words of the language greet their compatriots with *Good-morning* instead of *Bon jour*, and sprinkle their conversation with *Yes* and *All right*. From a Paris Correspondent

The Useless Fleets

THE straight-thinking and right-minded taxpayer should quickly call a halt in every land to the further imposition upon the people of those burdens which are the result of the constant construction of battleships, destroyers, submarines, and the like, all of which are now worse than useless.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

Tip-Cat

A CRITIC remarks that literary men can be very indignant at times. All of us can at such times as these.

AMERICA produces a saxophone every forty seconds. But even worse things happen in Chicago.

MR. SELFRIDGE thinks there is no fun like work. Yet tennis and cricket often look so much like it you can hardly tell the difference.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If beaten candidates had an election cry

SEVEN locomotives built in 1877 are still in use. Old gentlemen are said to prefer them to bathchairs.

A POLE claims to read letters without opening them. It is more than we can do with some letters even when they are opened.

IT has been discovered that Henry the Eighth was very good at tennis. He was also good while asleep, but not otherwise.

A RECORD crop of plums and apples is predicted for this year. So all is not lost—we shall still be able to preserve something.

A CYNIC thinks the clothes women wear today are really funny. Quite a laughing stock.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown man has sent another £1000 as a gift to the nation.

AN old age pensioner has saved £10 for the Royal Free Hospital.

THERE were 1028 women and girls in Scottish prisons 50 years ago; today there are 187.

Pedestrians Must Go

By Peter Puck

We have received a letter on the Traffic Problem from our old friend Peter Puck. As it touches on an aspect of the question not yet considered by the Ministry of Transport we give Peter's note below.

WE hear a lot about the confusion of the traffic on the roads, but I say that the traffic is far worse on the pavement.

On the road people do have to keep in a line, but on the pavement they walk anywhere, and the casualties are simply phenomenal. They never get into the newspapers, because shopkeepers bribe journalists to hush matters up. I am going to expose the whole scandal. I am going to say

Pedestrians Must Go.

Only last week a boy on roller skates charged round the corner of Mark Lane and struck a middle-aged tea broker at his greatest circumference. Both were conveyed to hospital, where they found that the boy's neck had been driven so far into his body that his collars will scrape his chin for the rest of his life. As for the tea broker, the last waistcoat button will never be the same button again.

In South Kensington

Last week a very serious accident occurred in South Kensington. A cutlet was proceeding to a dinner party with five sisters and a chaperon when a dog pursuing a cat rushed across the butcher boy's path, and our heroine was flung violently to the ground. When rescued the cutlet was suffering from contusions and shock, but only said, "Tell mother not to worry." She insisted on going to the party, but I believe has since succumbed to her injuries.

Then there is the case of little Cyril Bustard. Nurse was wheeling him down Putney High Street in the new perambulator, and a very massive old lady was walking in front. Suddenly the old lady caught sight of a toque at 12s. 11d. She stopped dead without putting out her hand or tooting, and of course the perambulator struck her and she sat down on the unfortunate Cyril.

I will tell you my remedy for this state of affairs. Pavements must be abolished! People must shop by telephone. If they want exercise they must run up and down stairs. School buses must collect children by crane, hoisting them from doorstep to vehicle. *Pedestrians must go!*

A Guide's Evening Prayer

With the gladness that knoweth no decay,
With the riches that cannot pass away,
With the sunshine that makes an endless day:

Thus may He bless thee.

With the all-covering shadow of His wings,
And the strong love that guards from evil things,
With the sure power that safe to glory brings:

Thus may He keep thee.

A LITTLE LESS SULKING AT WESTMINSTER

LAST TOUCH BUT ONE TO THE CENTRAL HALL

The Million Guineas Fund Marches Slowly to Success WESLEYANISM'S G.H.Q.

There is a little piece of good news for those who love Westminster as London's sacred place. The touch of ugliness that faces the beautiful Abbey has been made much less ugly.

For a year or two the C.N. has been asking our Wesleyan friends to finish the Central Hall which they built in Westminster twenty years ago. It was the outcome of that marvellous energy which raised the Million Guineas Fund at the beginning of the century.

Unfortunately, when the Central Hall was nearly finished something happened which made it impossible to carry out the plans. The proper thing, of course, was to revise the plans, but for some reason this course was not adopted, and the front of the Central Hall was left unfinished.

An Unfulfilled Duty

When we stand by this unfinished hall and look about it, and see the incomparable group of buildings that keep it company, we think it a shame that the headquarters of the greatest body of Free Churches in this country should have so failed in its duty to London, to Wesleyanism and to all who subscribed to the Million Guineas Fund.

We have never heard a single good reason why the hall was left as it is. Did the architect fail? We are quite sure he could have completed his work. Did the money run short? We are quite sure there are many rich Wesleyans who would have found it. Did the zeal of the crusaders fade away? We do not believe it.

A Chance Thrown Away

We think it was a little sulking on the part of somebody because the original plans could not be carried out, and for over twenty years this sulking has been going on.

When we turn the corner and look at the wonderful Imperial Chemicals building, or the Middlesex Guildhall close by, or at the Westminster Hospital which has lately restored itself so well, we are lost in amazement to think of the chance the Wesleyans have thrown away of covering themselves with dignity and pleasing all London.

We are referring to this subject once again not merely because of its importance, but because there is a small sign that those responsible for the Central Hall are beginning to be a little ashamed of its unfinished state.

A Concession

It is no longer as the builder left it about a quarter of a century ago, with its naked bricks exposed and the unfinished corners waiting for the little bricklayer to run up the ladder with his next hod of bricks. The holes in the walls are still there, waiting for the next brick, but the whole front has been painted to make it less objectionable, and the effect is admirable as far as it goes. The brickwork certainly is more pleasing, less of an ugly patch in this great scene that travellers come from all the world to see.

Those who are thankful for small mercies must be thankful that our Wesleyan friends have been moved to make this concession to a beautiful London, and we look forward with hope to the day which is bound to come when the Million Guineas Fund will be crowned with success. It was to celebrate the Twentieth Century, and the Twentieth Century has long passed its first quarter. It will be a disgrace if it is allowed to reach its third decade with its dreamers still disappointed, its subscribers still unsatisfied.

BROTHER DAVIES HAS GONE

How many kinds of fame there are! There is the great athlete's, which is known only to those interested in sport; and the great writer's, known only to those interested in literature; but there are very few kinds of fame that make a man known to everyone.

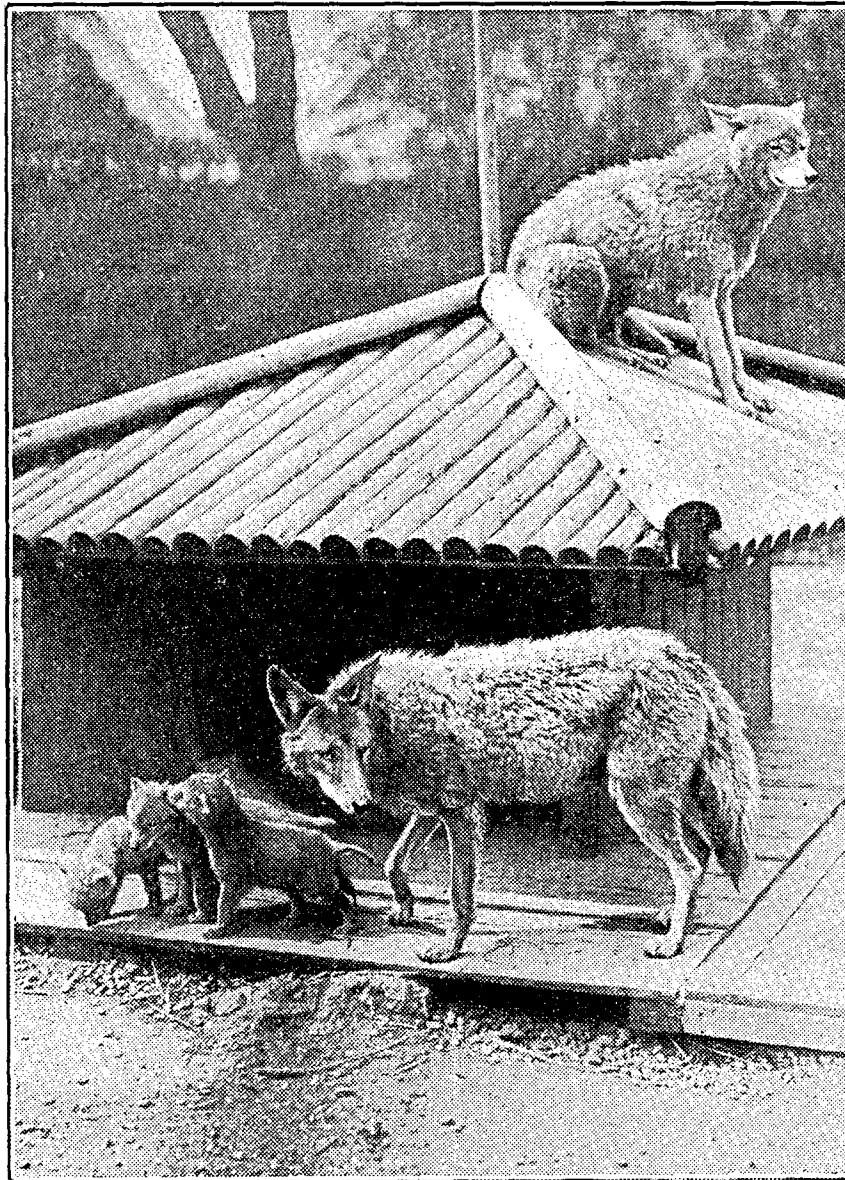
How many of us seeing an elderly clergyman with a bag marked F. C. D. on Paddington Station would have taken any notice? Even if someone had said "That is Canon Davies," it would have meant nothing.

But a porter asks, "Are you Brother Davies?" and when the elderly clergyman says he is the porter stirs up the rest of the staff, and an express is stopped to make a connection so that Brother

Davies may get to his destination in time. Alas! that kind of thing can happen no more, for Canon Davies has died at 72. His was the fame of one who has hundreds of friends among working-men. It was their vote which made him Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, and he was the very first clergyman to hold that office. Afterwards he was president of the National Conference of Friendly Societies.

Although he never neglected his parish work as vicar and rural dean of Reigate, and helped every good movement along, he did an immense amount for the Friendly Societies, which have been such a boon to the working-man, and that is how he got his own kind of fame.

MR. AND MRS. WOLF AND FAMILY



A happy little group is to be seen at the London Zoo where two coyotes, or prairie wolves, are the proud possessors of some young cubs. Father Wolf is able to keep an eye on his children from the top of the family hut.

A MILLION YEARS AGO ON THE NILE?

MANY of those who seek the story of man's history in the buried past will agree with Dr. James Breasted, the American archaeologist, that Egypt was probably the cradle of mankind.

Dr. Breasted declares that the traces of man's habitation that have been found in Egypt point to a history that goes back several hundred thousand, perhaps a million, years.

The Royal dynasties of Egypt, Mena the mighty warrior of the Old Kingdom, Seneferu who made Egypt the centre of the commerce of the world, Cheops, Akhenaten, and Tutankhamen, were mere mushroom growths by the side of the more ancient habitation of the Nile Valley. The dynasties go back to 3400 B.C., less than 6000 years before our day.

But the Stone Age of Egypt is twice as distant.

Before that were peoples who came in from the desert. Before them were others in a succession which none can determine. But though there are many who believe that Ancient Man in Mesopotamia is as old as his brothers in Egypt, and though all must admit that the oldest relic of man yet found was a dweller in Asia who had found his way to Java, the last word has not been said.

The first man to walk upright may have dwelled in the forests of mid-Africa, the vale of Kashmir, or the Gobi Desert, perhaps even in the plains of Southern Australia! But every discovery pushes the date of his appearance nearer to the million years mark.

A DAGGER FOR SPAIN THE LAST MOORISH KING OF GRANADA

Surrender of a Brave Man Witnessed by Columbus

BOABDIL THE PROUD

A Spanish grandee has bequeathed to the Royal Armoury of Spain the dagger of Boabdil the Younger, the last Moorish King of Granada. Columbus saw that dagger worn.

For seven centuries the Moors were lords of the greater part of Spain and built some of her fairest cities and the noblest of her universities, seats of learning to which the princes and nobles of Europe sent their sons. When the resurrection of the Spanish national spirit brought about the gradual recovery of the lost territory Granada, fairest city of all, still remained in Moorish hands.

A Poor, Proud Adventurer

Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, were encamped with their army over against the city, and a poor, proud adventurer, a native of Genoa, was clamouring to enter their service, not to overthrow the beleaguered city, but to go forth in their name to discover unknown worlds, to take religion to the benighted and bring back riches to the king and queen.

It was at this time that Isabella was at last moved to send for Columbus to come to her. She sent him the sum of £50 so that he might buy himself clothes fit for a Court and a mule on which to ride.

Columbus arrived in time to see the great gates of Granada open, to see vanquished Boabdil come forth with the keys of the fortress in his hands, and the jewelled dagger about his waist.

Boabdil, a stalwart figure in shining armour, surrendered in sight of Columbus the last stronghold of the strange people who had so long held the country in subjection. The place on which Boabdil surrendered is called to this day the Last Sigh of the Moor, but it was not his last sigh. He retired, by consent of Ferdinand, to a little estate in a valley in Spain, the valley of Porchena, but soon left Spain for ever, exasperated by something that offended his dignity. For Boabdil was proud.

After Seven Centuries

He crossed to Africa and flung away his life in battle and his death closed the last chapter of a history seven centuries long, a history of an Oriental people who had come from their tents in the desert to conquer half Europe with its ancient towns and cities, and with forts and garrisons as strong as the engineering of the age could make them.

But the wearied man who had watched the surrender of Boabdil went into Granada with the conquerors, and it was then and there that the plan to sail to the West to find the East was agreed upon. Had Boabdil resisted as his ancestors had resisted, and held on to Granada, Columbus might never have sailed.

IN REMEMBRANCE

Elizabeth Carter died not long ago at 70, and now the four clergymen she served as housekeeper have erected a tablet to her memory.

The tablet, at St. Luke's Church in Eltham, bears this inscription:

This tablet is placed here to the memory of Elizabeth Carter by four of the clergy to whom she ministered during thirteen years, devotedly, unflinchingly, cheerfully. Her life was a ministry, and she followed her Master, whose name she honoured and whose servant she was.

The clergymen are the Vicar of St. Luke's, Battersea, the Warden of King's College Hospital, the headmaster of Liverpool College, and an assistant master at Bradfield College, Berkshire.

BATHS

WHY NOT HAVE THEM?

The Good Old Days When They Were Quite Unknown

WHAT IS SHEFFIELD GOING TO DO?

Distressing figures relative to bathing have been laid before a Ministry of Health inquiry held at Sheffield.

Of the smaller type of houses not one in a hundred has a bath. Out of upwards of a hundred thousand better-class houses only 18,500 have baths. In all the city nearly four-fifths of the houses are without baths.

We know that Sheffield is not unique in this unenviable lack of comfort. If inquiry were made the figures would be found typical of the whole country. Baths as a conventional fitting in ordinary dwellings are quite a modern idea. Even now we hear of the bath being used as a place in which to store potatoes, coal, and the like.

Baths for Windsor Castle

Not that the poor alone scorned the pleasure and healthfulness of the bath. Until King Edward came to the throne Windsor Castle had never had a bathroom of the kind with which we are familiar; one of the first things he did on taking possession was to install several. Until 1908 there was no bathroom in Downing Street.

The fact is that we, in common with other Northern races, were not a bathing people in olden days. Cleanliness was not one of the virtues. The architecture of our old castles, baronial halls, and manors is proof of the scanty attention paid to this detail of life. Sanitation and hygiene for the masses are sciences younger than the telephone.

When we read our old authors, laugh and weep with Chaucer, see visions and dream dreams under the magic wand of Spenser, and experience all the delight and exaltation of Shakespeare, there comes back mercilessly to memory the thought that all these splendours, these scenes of tragedy, triumph, humour, and adventure had a setting as foul as any to be found in the most backward village in Southern Europe today.

A Luxury

The first public bath and wash-house was established in London in 1845, and was deemed by its critics a luxury, seeing that neither the Universities nor the public schools had a bath between them. People tell us that they remember bathrooms here and there fifty or sixty years ago. A great old house of such a period boasted a bath when recently advertised for sale. In truth it did possess a bath. It was a filthy bath-shaped tank up in a spidery attic fed by cold water from a hand pump, hot water having to be carried from the basement four storeys below.

The new generation is being born to the idea of baths, a habit foreign to its predecessors. It is one of the things for which we may all be truly thankful.

INVADERS OF THE CITIES

In spite of the efforts of the authorities, the number of people from the mountain regions of Switzerland who are flocking to the cities is increasing, and abandoned houses and deserted villages are seen in many places.

It has been stated that there is hardly a purely agricultural village in Switzerland that has not fewer inhabitants than fifty years ago.

LONDON WEARING OUT

A Museum's Burst Column

London Town is falling down. The terra-cotta and shiny tile with which the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road is supported is going the way of the Portland stone of the Houses of Parliament and the balustrade of Buckingham Palace.

But the Department of Scientific Research, which looks into these matters and has found a column of the Museum that burst, declares that in spite of such failings these materials are rather better fitted than others to resist the sulphuric acid which is flung into the air by London's million chimneys.

The pillar at the Museum burst partly because it was on the South front, and so caught the full heat of the Sun, and partly because it had been cracked by the frost of the preceding winter.

This might possibly have happened because the terra-cotta pillars are filled in rather carelessly. It will be remembered that some of the fillings-in of pillars in St. Paul's Cathedral revealed the same sort of scamping in 17th and 18th-century builders' work.

Time and London's smoke will eat into most materials. The old brick, some of which the Romans laid in London, lasts as well as anything. But perhaps the London of the 21st century will be built of concrete.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE EAST COAST

The Terns Are Here

Recently in the C.N. we were speaking of the bird sanctuaries of Norfolk and the anxiety of the Watchers because the immigrant birds were late. There is good news from the East Coast. The terns have come.

Once more the marshes and headlands are full of flashing wings and cries. The ternery at Blakeney Point seems from the water like a wisp of golden sand and bleached grass hung between Earth and sky, but it is the nesting-place of hundreds of birds.

The birds are not easy to approach in the nesting-time. Only the Watcher has the freedom of the Point, and even he is afraid at times that some of these anxious husbands may cleave his brain as they swoop down on him when he passes their nests.

Summer brings a great beauty to the salt marshes and dunes. The lavender and sea thrift are blowing, and great masses of wings make a shining tumult against the deep, azure sky.

BAA BAA BARMOUTH

A Jump to Life

How the lamb had got on to the roof of the house at Barmouth it is hard to say.

It was a mountain lamb which had strayed from the hills, and so perhaps made light of climbing on to the ridge of a two-storey house.

Having got there the lamb could do nothing but say Baa! for its mother and the mountain flock. It could not get down again, which is not surprising, for even cats sometimes are found in the same nervous fix.

Barmouth's townspeople, mindful of what is done in the case of fires, rallied to the occasion. A canvas sheet was stretched below the roof ridge at one end of the house, and a man climbed by a ladder up to the roof.

He drove the lamb along. The lamb, after a moment's hesitation, jumped. It was caught safely in the sheet, and lives to Baa another day.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Beira	Bay-e-rah
Charlatan	Shah-lah-tan
Kauri	Kah-oo-re
Racine	Rah-seen

THE POSTCARD THAT FOUND ITS WAY

A Pair of Shoes From Heaven

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Who has not pondered now and then on the magic possibilities of that commonest thing in our daily existence, the slit in a letter-box?

It is such a very tiny door to lead straight into the whole wide world. You stand on this side of it, and on the other stands your friend in Australia or Japan or Timbuctoo. All you have to do if you want to talk to him is to put your thoughts into an envelope, weight them with a few stamps, and push them through the opening; and lo! they will fall straight into the hand and the mind of your friend.

It is so simple and so miraculous that it is hardly surprising if a little girl in Hungary thought it even simpler and more miraculous than it is. If you can drop a letter through a slit in a box to the uttermost ends of the Earth, why not to Heaven? If you can write your thoughts to your friends in Siberia, why not to God?

No Address

So she sat down and wrote, with great care, a postcard which ran as follows:

"Dear God, I am a little girl aged seven, and I cannot go to school because my shoes are full of holes. My mother has got to nurse my two little brothers who are ill, so she cannot go out to work and has no money to buy me new shoes. Dear God, please send me a pair so that I can go to school. I promise to be a good girl always."

She signed her full name, Anna Révész, and, being a sensible little girl, added the name of the street and the number of the house she lived in. But all she put by way of address was *To God*, because she was quite sure that the post would know where to find Him.

In this she was wrong, however, for the Post did not know, and eventually the card found its way to that department of the G.P.O. in which undelivered letters are collected, examined, and if possible re-addressed. There it was read by an official in the hope that the contents would throw light on what had better be done with it. Having read it, and thought a bit, he came to the following conclusion:

"It is true that God is everywhere, but for that very reason it is not practicable to get a letter delivered to Him. On the other hand, He has any number of representatives on Earth with more or less permanent addresses. So the thing to do is to send this card to one of these and let him deal with it."

The Answer

So he wrote underneath the address: C/o Mgr. Vas, Minister of Public Welfare, Budapest; and the card was once more sent on its way.

This time it reached its destination, and little Anna found her faith in the possibilities of postal intercourse more than justified, for in the shortest possible time a lady appeared who not only brought her a brand new pair of shoes, but also inquired into the other troubles of the little fatherless household, and proceeded to remedy them without delay. So that, on the whole, Anna thinks it was worth while writing that postcard, and we have reason to believe that at present she is zealously engaged in keeping her promise to be a good girl.

HIS BROTHER

Perhaps no one ever had a greater reward for going to the aid of a stranger than Jack Harris, of Oldhill, Staffordshire.

Jack, who is 15, heard a child's cry for help. Someone had fallen into the canal. Jack immediately went to the rescue.

When he reached the drowning child he found it was his own five-year-old brother Eric.

AFRICA HAS A NEW RAILWAY

A SIDE-LINE OF THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO

A Quarter of a Century's Work Drawing Near to Completion

RHODESIA 3000 MILES NEARER

In June this year a railway will be completed in Central Africa which will make a great difference to a part of that great continent.

It is a side-line joining the great railway which Cecil Rhodes foresaw passing through the whole length of Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, and it will shorten the distance between Northern Rhodesia and Great Britain by about 3000 miles.

It starts from the South Atlantic seaport Lobito Bay, near the town of Benguela in Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, passes through the middle of that country, and meets the Cape-to-Cairo railway at Tshilongo in Belgian Congoland, 150 miles north of the town of Elizabethville.

A Much-Needed Outlet

This railway was begun 26 years ago by an English company, and it has been gradually progressing eastward ever since. The distance from Lobito Bay to Southampton is 4889 miles; but the distance from Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, the nearest present railway port for Rhodesia, is 7576 miles.

Such a shortening of the distance may give a much-needed outlet for the products of south-central Africa.

The Portuguese possession, Angola, has belonged to Portugal since 1575. It was discovered by Portuguese navigators as early as 1482, when Portugal was the most adventurous of countries; but its progress has been slow, partly because the coast of Angola has few places accessible to large ships. Lobito Bay has the advantage of deep water.

A Healthy and Productive Area

Though the coast is flat and unhealthy for Europeans across a belt of from 30 to 100 miles, the country inland rises rapidly to a lofty plateau, with mountains rising from it to a height of over 7000 feet, and this lofty plain is healthy and productive. In the extreme south adjoining south-west Africa, now a mandated territory of the Union of South Africa, there has been a considerable settlement of Boers. The native population numbers about five millions.

The plain is well watered on the whole, its streams flowing westward to the Atlantic, northward into the Congo basin, and south-eastward into the Zambezi. The new railway before leaving Portuguese territory crosses the upper waters of the Zambezi.

Tapping Copper Resources

The exported products of Angola are coffee, rubber, coconuts, palm oil, ivory, petroleum. Rubber, cotton, and pepper are indigenous. It has fine forests, with timber that has a commercial value. There is no doubt that there is ample room for extensive industrial development. At present, however, the railway will be chiefly useful, if it is internationally worked, in tapping the copper resources of the Belgian territory farthest inland.

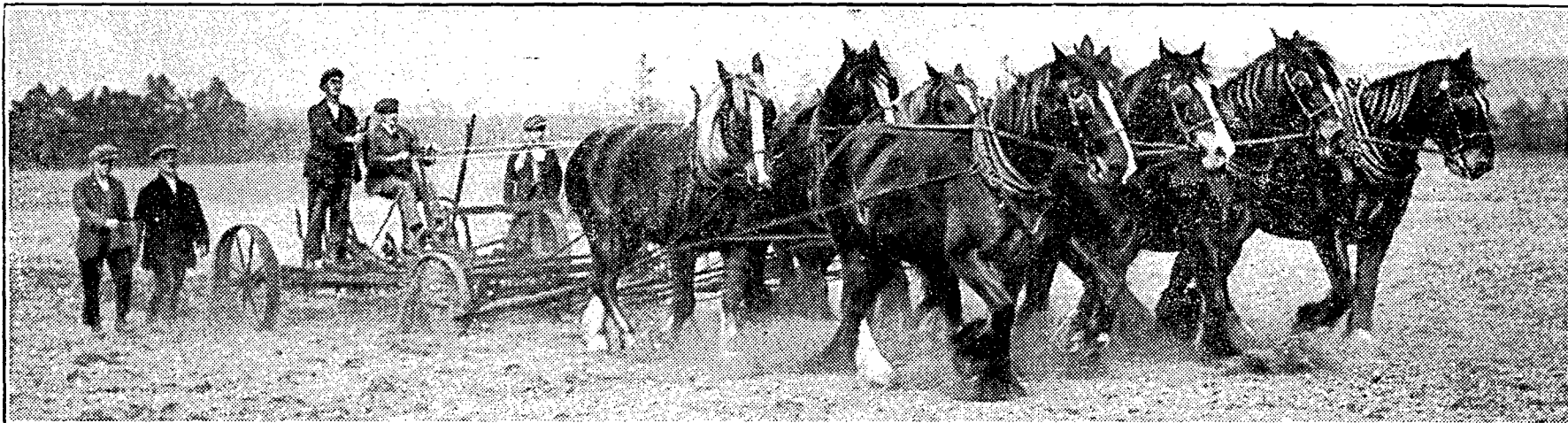
This region has been slow in development. Indeed, it is only during the last twenty years that the remoter parts could be said to be under European control, but the railway will bring civilising influences into still dark places. Nowhere in the world have forms of slavery lingered longer than here. When Portugal and Brazil were under one government this part of Africa was the recruiting ground for Brazilian slavery, and "indentured" labour is still common. From every point of view the advent of a railway era is welcome. Pictures on page 9

June 1, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

9

UNLOADING BANANAS · AFRICA'S NEW RAILWAY · EARLY MORNING CALLERS



From Norfolk to the Prairie—This picture of a team of eight horses at work was taken at the Ministry of Labour's farm at Brandon, Norfolk, where 200 young men are being taught agricultural and other work that will fit them for emigration to Canada. The instructors are Canadian farmers.



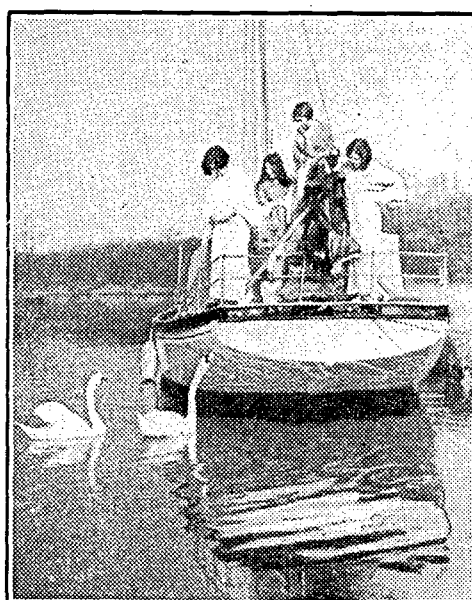
Another Traffic Problem—The little circus elephant in this picture must have been nervous of the London traffic, for when he was stopped at a crossing he stood as close to the policeman as possible.



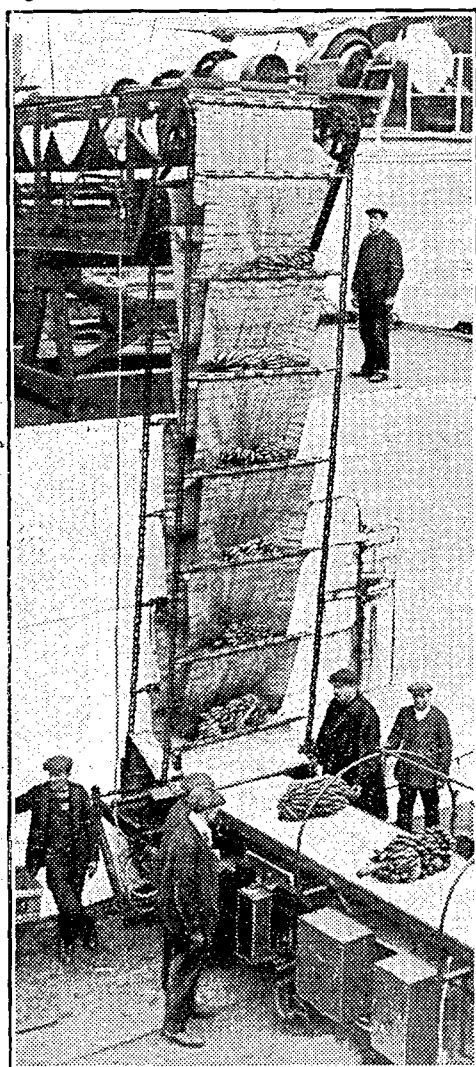
The mail train arrives at Benguela



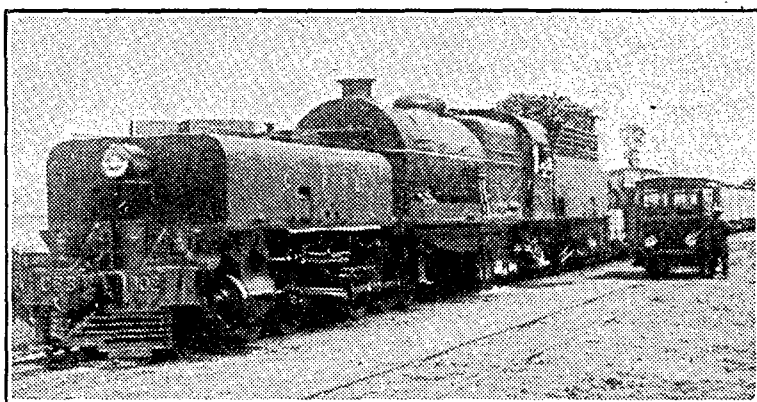
Sturdy natives carrying a section of rail



Early Morning Callers—One of the most delightful ways of spending a holiday is boating on the Norfolk Broads, as these girls, who are making friends with two swans, will agree.



How Bananas Are Landed—This wonderful machine is used in the London Docks for unloading bananas. The bunches are lowered on to an endless band which carries them into the warehouse. It is quicker and cleaner than bringing them ashore by hand.



A great Garrett engine for work on steep gradients



Native labourers packing the ballast beneath a new section of the line

Africa's New Railway—Here are some pictures of the new railway between Benguela and Tshilongo, which is to bring Rhodesia 3000 miles nearer Britain. See page 8.



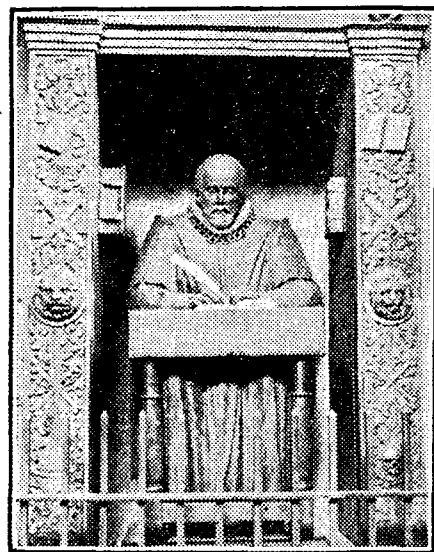
Scoring a Goal—Netball, which may be played either out-of-doors or indoors, is a game which is becoming increasingly popular. Here we see a goal being scored during an outdoor match between the London Banks and the Regent Street Polytechnic.

OLD STOW'S QUILL A Good Idea For Using It THE POOR OLD MAN WHOSE FAME LIVES ON

One of the pleasantest of the things that happen in the capital of the British Empire is the service held every year in memory of a tailor who lived in Queen Elizabeth's reign and was granted a licence to beg in his old age.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and the Aldermen of the Aldgate Ward come with pageantry to do him honour. Archaeologists and historians fill the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street, where he lies buried. A special choir comes for the service and an address in the tailor's praise is delivered by some distinguished man.

All this homage is paid because John Stow loved London so well that he



The monument of John Stow

sought far and wide for her history, and made it into an immortal book called *A Survey of London*. Everybody who has written about London since has had to consult the book of the inspired tailor.

A stately marble effigy in the church where he lies buried shows Stow writing his famous book, but the pen in his hand is not of stone. During the service a fresh quill is put between the marble fingers each year.

Better Than a Money Prize

In his address at the last commemoration service Mr. Walter George Bell, himself a historian of London, suggested that the pen should not be thrown aside when a new one is put in, but should be gilded and awarded as a prize for the best book on London of the year. People like Stow, who love their city and write for love and pride of her, would cherish a quill from Stow's monument more than a money prize. There was no money prize for poor Stow.

And yet, let us not say poor Stow! He loved London and Londoners so well that he would have preferred the love and honour of the Londoners who came after him to all the wealth in the world.

PARCEL POST UNDER PARIS

The difficulty of dealing with the enormous increase in the parcel traffic in Paris has led to a novel scheme.

There are so many underground tunnels already that new ones cannot be made for the postal service, and engineers are fitting little overhead rails along the tops of existing tunnels from which little trolley cars can be suspended. These little cars will carry the mails under the streets.

THE WAYS OF THE PLOVER A Hampshire Story

A Hampshire reader sends us an interesting observation of the ways of that most interesting bird the plover.

Walking on the edge of a large field he noticed a plover behaving in a curious manner. Rising five or six yards from the ground it swooped down on some object in the grass and rose again on the other side. He noticed that it kept on repeating this movement.

Then our reader noticed that the cause of its concern was a large pheasant. At each swoop the plover missed the head of the pheasant by an inch or so. The pheasant seemed flustered and kept taking a few steps, now in one direction and then in another.

At last the cries of the plover attracted the attention of other plovers in neighbouring fields, and three of them joined in harassing the pheasant until it flew away, the plovers following it to the hedge. Our correspondent had not seen what the pheasant had done to annoy the plovers. Perhaps it had wandered too near the first plover's nest.

No doubt our reader's surmise is right. Plovers' eggs, being laid on the bare ground, have as their protection only their coloration and the watchfulness of the birds, who will approach boldly either dogs or human beings to attract their attention, confuse them, and entice, or drive, them away from the vicinity of the nest.

THE SALMON'S PROGRESS Lift, Please

Salmon on the River Farrar, north of Inverness, are to share in the benefits of the electricity scheme which is to bring progress to the Grampians. The salmon are to have an electric lift.

The solicitude for the salmon's convenience does not arise with the Electricity Commissioners. The suggestion comes from the anglers who own fishings on the river and fear that if the salmon is not helped on its upward way they may have no salmon to catch.

When the salmon wants to leave the sea to go upstream nothing will stop it. It will leap waterfalls, and is as determined to get up as Bruce's spider. In the River Beauly near by the salmon climb by leaping altogether 140 feet. They will climb to far greater heights in stages.

But the River Farrar will offer the salmon another problem when the dam for supplying water power to generate electricity is built, because this dam will make a barrier 100 feet high across the river. The most athletic salmon cannot compass that at a leap.

Consequently an electric lift with a cage 16 feet by 8 feet and 2 feet deep into which the salmon can swim is to be installed. When the salmon swim into this friendly trap it will be lifted to the top of the dam into the new Farrar Reservoir.

The salmon may be shy at first, but they will surely try the lift once.

Similar lifts are installed in the salmon rivers of British Columbia.

THE BIRDS THAT WEATHERED THE STORM

This happy observation of the care of birds for their young comes from Lancashire.

A field at the back of our house is frequented by a goose, a gander, and three goslings.

A thunderstorm came on very suddenly, and our little goose family was left in the thick of it.

For a moment they seemed to stand bewildered. Then both the mother and the father spread their wings so as to form a natural umbrella, and their little goslings crept under and were well protected. And so they stood till the storm passed away and the Sun shone out again, and then they went off down the field with contented cacklings.

A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES Beauty in All Things

In all ages and all countries men and women have searched for happiness. It was not to be found by conquering the world, as the Roman emperors could have told, and it has never yet been bought with money. St. Francis was probably one of the happiest men who ever lived, and he lived a life of great simplicity, praising God among the birds and flowers.

Would I might wake St. Francis in you all, Brother of birds and trees, God's troubadour, sang an American poet not so very long ago. He had stumbled on a secret shared by saints and wayfaring men since the beginning of Time, the secret that the greatest happiness lies in service and an appreciation of beauty.

Beauty and Selfishness

A pursuit of selfish happiness is no good, and yet so many of us are so intent on making ourselves happy that we are missing, all the time, the beauty that is on every side of us. It is fine to have a beautiful body, to have it in splendid trim, to feel healthy and strong. That is the first duty of beauty, to keep your body fit.

Beyond that is the beauty of all outside things, the beauty of Nature, of pictures and music, of books, and houses, and streets.

That is the second duty of beauty, to train yourself to see and acknowledge these things.

But, beyond and exceeding these, is the beauty of conduct, of unselfishness, loving-kindness, loyalty, and courtesy. This third world of beauty leads to God.

Most of the troubles in the world come from two things, from selfishness and fear, and the sooner we become interested in something outside ourselves the sooner we become less anxious for our own safety, less anxious to challenge others. There may come a time when we shall all of us be so busy with the creation of beauty, whether of beautiful things or of beautiful deeds, that our concern for our own safety and happiness will be forgotten altogether.

A Saying by Barrie

If we made only one beautiful thing, not for ourselves, but because we recognised and were grateful for all the beautiful things around us, we should have done something with our lives.

It has been said by Sir James Barrie that sometimes beauty boils over, and then spirits are abroad. Ages may pass as we look and listen, for Time has suddenly been overcome. There is an old legend of a monk who wandered into the fields as a lark began to sing. He had never heard a lark before, and he stood there entranced until the bird and its song had become part of the heavens.

Then he went back to the monastery and found there a doorkeeper he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks came, and they were all strangers to him. He told them he was Father Anselm, but that was no help. Finally they looked through the books of the monastery, and these revealed that there had been a Father Anselm there a hundred years before. Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark.

Nothing of beauty can be lost; let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by P. della Francesca	£75,000
Painting by Fra Filippo Lippi	£25,000
A manuscript of Keats	£2800
Painting by Fantin-Latour	£1500
A suit of armour	£1260
Pencil drawing by Ingres	£940
17th-century tankard	£360
Oak credence table	£320

A painting, 12½ inches by 8½ inches, by an unknown Siennese artist of the fourteenth century, was sold for £6500.

A LITTLE SHOW FOR NOTHING RICH MAN'S TREASURE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The Kind of Books People
Handled Centuries Ago

BEAUTIFUL BIBLES

There is a delightful show of picture books in the Illuminated Manuscripts department of the British Museum.

It is called the Egerton Exhibition, and is set out in memory of Francis Henry Egerton, eighth Earl of Bridgewater, who died in Paris in the spring of 1829, leaving his "dear and favourite collection of manuscripts" to the British Museum.

In his will Lord Egerton also left money so that a librarian could be paid to look after the Egerton Bequest, and so that from time to time books could be added to it. There are now over 3000 manuscripts and over 2000 charters in the Egerton Bequest, and it is very good that we should remember on his centenary (and other days too) the man who has so enriched us.

Wonderful Old Work

There are only seven or eight cases in the exhibition, just a little show as the scholars say, but they take one's breath away. The picture books are of many centuries and countries, including a number of Bibles in Latin, Greek, and English; Books of Hours or Prayer Books; books of poetry, including several of Chaucer's. There are also a number of charters, chronicles, and account books of monasteries and trade guilds. Altogether they give us a wonderful glimpse of the kind of books people handled from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries.

One of the old chronicles, among the most famous in the world, was written by an old Cistercian abbot who toiled at those huge pages till blindness stopped him. The descriptive note placed by the volume tells its story. For each book there is a descriptive note, so that no one need be bewildered.

The Most Beautiful Books

The most beautiful books in the exhibit are the Bibles. Among them is a very famous one, the Bible made for Melisinda, who was both Countess of Anjou and Queen of Jerusalem in the twelfth century. The pictures are in colour on a gold ground, of queer saints and strange people whom Melisinda loved to look at.

There is a specimen of a thirteenth-century Bible which everyone should see. It is so beautiful that one would think it must be the only one ever done. We are told that it is a good example of the one-volume Bible written and painted by hand in large numbers in the thirteenth century. There are calendars, too, with lovely little pictures the size of a postage-stamp, and there are scores of marvellous and strange things, all waiting to be seen if we will just walk into the British Museum.

A PUNCH AND JUDY TRAGEDY

How often do we find the deepest sadness in little things!

In a side-street off Trafalgar Square the other day a Punch and Judy show had set up its stand, and the usual crowd of spectators were gathered round. Dog Toby was seated on his ledge, patiently waiting for his cue.

The drama was about to begin.

But to one spectator the tragedy was already complete. For he read, printed in large letters above the stage, the words: *Who'll Buy Dog Toby?*

What pathetic story of want or coldness of heart, we wonder, lay behind that sorry legend?

NEPTUNE'S MOON

MYSTERY OF TRITON

A Little World That Seems to Revolve the Wrong Way

THE FARTHEST KNOWN SATELLITE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Neptune is again near the bright star Regulus and on Thursday evening will be at its nearest, and barely a third of the Moon's apparent width north of the star.

This is now rather low in the west by the time it is dark enough to be observed, say between 10 and 11 o'clock; so the field-glasses will need to be very good and the sky very clear if we are to get a glimpse of Neptune.

The position of Regulus and how to identify it has been described in the C.N. for March 23.

Neptune now needs a telescope to reveal it easily, and if a powerful one is used Triton, the satellite of Neptune, will also be seen.

This is the farthest known satellite from the Earth. At present it is 2860 million miles away, so no wonder that it appears so faint, barely thirteenth magnitude. But our Moon would appear much fainter at this distance,



The relative sizes and distances of Neptune and Triton

for whereas she is but 2160 miles in diameter Triton is near 3000 miles.

The wonder is that Triton can be seen at all, for it shines only by reflected sunlight. This takes 4 hours 10 minutes to reach Triton from the Sun, and after shining on Triton this sunlight takes at present 4 hours 16 minutes more to get back to us. From our Moon light takes but 1½ seconds to reach us, so near is it by comparison.

Triton revolves round Neptune in 5 days 21 hours 2½ minutes, at a distance averaging 220,000 miles; this is almost the same distance that our Moon is from the Earth. But Triton travels the reverse way and also the reverse way to that which Neptune rotates.

This is a remarkable circumstance which awaits a satisfactory explanation. So far it is suggested that Triton was once a body travelling through space, that it eventually came within the gravitational attraction of Neptune, and so was, as it were, captured by this great planet, a world 72 times the size of our own, some 1500 times the size of Triton.

Is There Life on Triton?

If, long ages ago, Triton was thrown off from Neptune when they were both in a molten or gaseous condition Triton would have continued to revolve in the same direction as Neptune revolves, just as the Moon does round the Earth.

That there are beings like ourselves on either Triton or Neptune is most improbable, but it cannot be said that any form of life is impossible there, in spite of the fact that the Sun's surface appears 900 times smaller than it does to us, and that we receive 900 times as much light and heat from the Sun as it is possible to receive on either Triton or Neptune. Moreover, Triton may receive heat from Neptune or possess internal heat. Or it may be a world enclosed in everlasting ice.

But if we were on Triton we should find the starry heavens appear just as they do on Earth, the stars arranged in the familiar groups, none appearing any brighter for our being nearly three thousand million miles nearer.

The planets only would be different, the Earth, Mars, Venus, and Mercury would be quite invisible; in fact, very little would be seen of the Solar System from Triton.

G. F. M.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Great Britain imports more oranges than any other country.

Fourteen million people have been up the Eiffel Tower in forty years.

Many French papers are complaining of the spread of bull-fighting in France.

The blind vicar of Brafferton, near Easingwold in Yorkshire, has died after 53 years as vicar there.

There are now about three thousand trades in which gas is used for industrial processes.

London's 5000 Buses

There are now 5000 buses running in London; last year they carried 1917 million people.

Roman Relics in Essex

The remains of a Roman building have been brought to light in Colchester Castle park.

Maltese in the Law Courts

Except for cases in which Englishmen are involved, Maltese is to supersede Italian in the Law Courts of Malta.

A Wanderer's Return

A pet hedgehog which vanished a year ago from a garden in Surrey has lately returned.

Girl Guides in England

There are now more than a hundred school companies of Girl Guides and Brownie packs in England.

The Pope's New Country

Except for a group of nuns, Vatican City, the new "country" of the Pope, will be inhabited by men only.

Cremation on the Increase

The number of cremations has increased in Britain by about 30 per cent in the last five years; there were last year 3436.

Photography in Comfort

A capital little booklet on Photography in Comfort will be sent free to any C.N. reader who sends a postcard, mentioning the C.N., to Burroughs, Wellcome and Co., Snow Hill Buildings, London, E.C.4.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Are Elm Trees Propagated in England?

By means of suckers, as the tree does not ripen its seeds in England.

What Alkali is Used in the Manufacture of Glass?

For window, bottle, and chemical glass-ware soda and lime; for Bohemian glass and table-ware potash. For optical glass sometimes soda and lime and sometimes potash.

Where Do the Clouds Go When the Sun is Shining and the Sky is Blue?

The tiny drops of moisture of which the clouds are formed have been changed into gas or aqueous vapour, which is invisible. With a drop in the temperature the gas is changed back into liquid form.

What is the Difference in Meaning of Affect and Effect?

Affect, a verb, means practise, assume, pretend, frequent, attack, move; effect, a verb, means bring about or accomplish. As a noun effect means result, consequence, impression, and in the plural property.

What is the Origin of the Weathercock on Church Steeples?

In the middle of the ninth century a Papal order was given for the figure of a cock to be set on every church steeple as the emblem of St. Peter, the bird being, of course, an allusion to the Apostle's denial of his Lord and the cock crowing at the time as described in the Gospels.

What is the Origin of the Saying Mind Your P's and Q's?

Some think it is a reference to the danger of a printer mixing up the similar letters p and q when setting up type or distributing the letters after printing. Others think it originated with French dancing-masters telling their pupils to mind their P's (for pieds, feet) and Q's (for queues, wigs) when learning to bow at a time when huge wigs were worn and might easily be disarranged if the bowing were not done carefully.

A PICTURE HOME AGAIN

Back to Carlyle's Room

A KINDLY THOUGHT

Once upon a time Thomas Carlyle came back to his Chelsea home in high glee.

He had bought a portrait of Frederick the Great, whose Life he had just written, and whose portraits are very rare.

He wrote a label and pasted it on the back of the canvas.

Friedrich der Grosse. Painted (as I judge) by Frank of Potsdam circa 1780; bought (I shall never forget how!) April 1866: goes to Hon. Mary Baring (late Lord Ashburton's only child, if living) after my decease. T. Carlyle, Chelsea, 19 May, 1866.

Who has not felt the same jubilant pride in bringing home some long-desired treasure? Who cannot guess the happiness Carlyle got from the picture? It was the same feeling that sends a boy out to look at his new bicycle by lamplight, and makes a collector take a rare book to his bedroom so that his eyes may light on it directly he awakens.

After 48 Years

After Carlyle's death the picture doubtless went to Mary Baring, but nothing is known of its history till it turned up in a London saleroom the other day.

Then a nice thing happened. Mr. Gabriel Wells bought it and sent it to 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. That was once Carlyle's house and is now a museum devoted to his memory, filled with the furniture he used, and the letters he wrote, and the memories of a great man.

Now, 48 years after his death, the picture comes home again, thanks to good Mr. Gabriel Wells of America.

THE LITTLE OLD GARDEN

Shall the Dragon Eat It Up?

The great volume of indignation rising against the idea of a huge Power Station at Battersea must mean that the station will be abandoned. It is worth while to remember that the existing station at Chelsea is even now a public nuisance, especially to one small garden there.

In Chelsea a little garden has smiled by the banks of the silver Thames for 250 years. It is the Physic Garden, where our great-grandfathers several times removed grew herbs for healing.

Higher up the river is a powerful Dragon which breathes heavily from its four great nostrils on the little garden. The Dragon is the Lots Road Power Station, and its nostrils are the four tall chimneys which strew out smoke and ash or soot on the herbs and plants when the wind blows from the west.

The Altar of Progress

The Dragon has not been there one-tenth as long as the little garden, but its smoky breath is not good for the old and delicate herbs, and the Keeper of the Garden declares that the plants are harder to grow and keep in condition every year. If another Dragon, fiercer and more powerful of nostril, is installed on the other side of the river at Battersea, then the two Power Stations between them will not leave the Physic Garden much room to breathe.

It is sad to think of the sacrifice of the Old Chelsea Physic Garden on the smoking altar of progress. The garden no longer grows lungwort and squinancy, wort for tuberculosis, or ladies bed-straw for hydrophobia, but all the plants known to medicine are here; and the garden is as full of rare plants and herbs as it is of ancient memories.

It was the last Herb Garden in England to keep the Linnean Orders in its plants, and now it does great work for students of botany. It seems a pity to let the Ogres of the Power Stations eat it up.



Bursting with Life and Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—their glorious health is derived from nourishment and from that source alone.

Growing children need a superabundance of those food elements which promote growth and create energy—elements often lacking in the ordinary daily dietary.

Give your children delicious "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage. For "Ovaltine" is all nourishment—health and energy-giving nourishment. This delicious combination of Nature's best foods presents in correct nutritive proportions not only all the vitamins but every other element their little bodies need to build strong bones, straight limbs and sound muscles.

From malt, milk and eggs the nutritive elements are extracted, concentrated and rendered easy of digestion. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than three eggs.

Children love the delicious flavour of "Ovaltine." Make it their daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

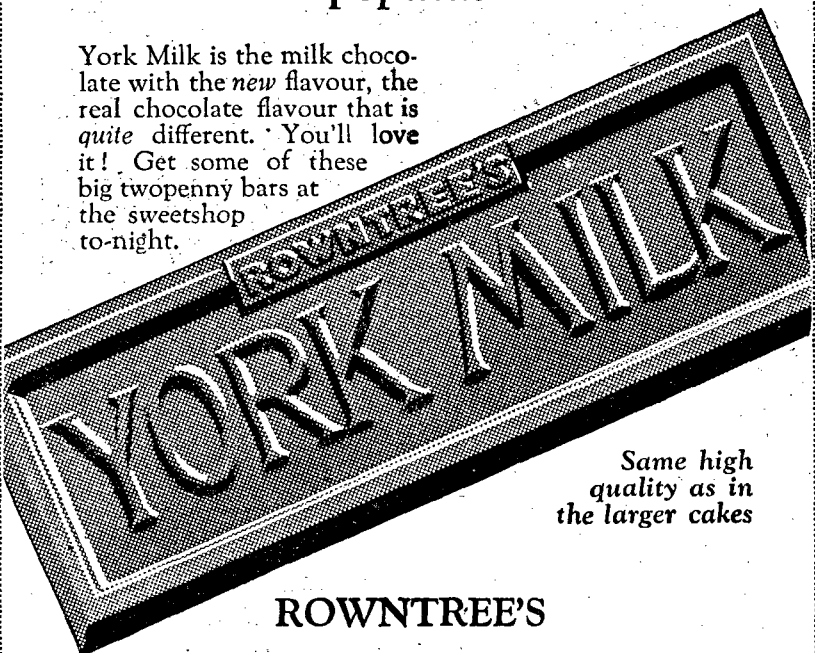
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Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

It's the
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that has made these bars so
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York Milk is the milk chocolate with the new flavour, the real chocolate flavour that is quite different. You'll love it! Get some of these big twopenny bars at the sweetshop to-night.



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The Only Magazine of Its Kind

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the Children's Newspaper

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MY MAGAZINE

June issue now on sale

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THE GREATEST THING MUSSOLINI HAS DONE

STRIKING DOWN A
MONSTER

End of an Old, Old Scandal
in Sicily

THE MAFIA AND ITS POWER

Mussolini has smashed the Mafia. It
is the best thing he has ever done.

Everyone has heard of the Mafia.
It brooded over Sicily like a sleeping
volcano. It was a secret society which
arranged for everything from pillage to
murder, and so many were its octopus-
like branches, so complete its strangle-
hold over rich and poor in Sicily, that
none ever dared to bring it to book.

Signor Mori, the Prefect of Palermo,
had tried more than once to break the
power of its organisation, but it was too
strong for him. There were too many
secret lodges and bands of the Mafia.
If it would not be true to say that half
the Sicilians were Mafiasti, it is true
that nearly everyone in Sicily knew only
too much about it.

Brigands and Blackmailers

The Mafiasti were of three classes.
There were the brigands and thieves in
the mountains. There were the black-
mailers in the villages and country
districts and small towns. There were
the intelligent and educated scoundrels
in towns like Palermo who directed the
blackmailing of the smaller folk and
levied tribute on landowners and well-
to-do people.

The tribute thus exacted was like a
tax that was paid to secure peace and
quietness and freedom from robbery or
injury. If the tribute was not paid the
superior criminals set in motion the
machinery of the Mafia's underlings. A
farmer's cattle would be raided, or his
crops would be burned.

Crime Bought and Sold

Every kind of crime was committed
by the Mafia. Crime was bought and
sold. A man might be murdered in
open daylight in the presence of wit-
nesses, but no witnesses would come to
the trial. They were either implicated
in the crime or they were afraid that
if they gave evidence they would be
murdered too. The Mafia never forgave.

Even the judges who should have
administered the law were terrorised
when one of the pests of the Mafia was
by rare chance arrested. The local
members of Parliament knew even better
than the landowners of Sicily that it was
dangerous to incur the enmity of the
Mafia. Even Governments were afraid,
because they needed votes and feared to
put the timid Sicilian deputies in an
awkward position.

Conspiracy of Silence

So the conspiracy of silence went on
through the police, the judges, the
deputies, up to the Government at
Rome itself; and the Mafia, growing
stronger and stronger, became the
governors of Sicily. They taxed peas-
ant, farmer, townsman, and landowner.

Then came Mussolini, with the pro-
mise to the Sicilians that he would lift
from their necks the yoke of oppression
to which they had become so used in a
hundred years or more that they were
resigned to it. It was this resignation
and this want of public spirit that made
the work of the redresser so hard.

Signor Mori had tried and failed, but
Mussolini was not afraid of the Mafia,
nor the sort of man to allow any to
defy his rule and government. He
backed Mori. He used him.

Under the old Government Mori had
been removed from the office of prefect
three times for too much zeal. Under
Mussolini it was known that he would
not be removed and the more zeal he
exercised in the task of rooting out the
Mafia the better Mussolini would like it.

A PENNYWORTH OF HAPPINESS

A Splendid Thing Down
Stepney Way

There is a wonderful kinema in London
which few people know.

It is not a grand West End house,
with the names of films in bright lights
over the door. It is hidden in the East
End in the thoroughfare called the Com-
mercial Road, where there is hard work,
noise, and ugliness, more kicks than half-
pence, and not much laughter going
a-begging. It is known generally as the
Children's Kinema, and is part of the
good work of a fine go-ahead mission.
To find it you go into the Stepney
Central Hall.

A Golden Shadow

The Children's Kinema is the happiest
place in the Commercial Road any
evening from 5 to 7. Its joy has cast
a golden shadow hours before in the
hearts of hundreds of children who
knew they could spend their penny that
night at the Central Hall. That is the
wonderful thing about it; a penny
buys two hours of happiness in the
Children's Kinema for any boy or girl
within reach of it.

The kinema was opened seven years
ago. No one knew then what a great
event that was. The boys and girls
who saw the first pictures are young
men and women now, but they cannot
help envying the happy youngsters in
the queue when they go by just before
the doors open. The Children's Kinema
has left a bright spot in their memory.

Run for Love's Sake

The C.N. likes to hear of the success
of a picture-house like this, which is
run not for profit, but for love's sake.
It is good to think of the joy and the
bright colour brought in this way into
lives which are rather drab. These
children whom circumstances have im-
prisoned in the ugliest part of a great
city can for a penny go over the hills
and far away, live for a time in the
magic world of romance, can sail the
air or the sea, travelling in unknown
lands and learning what a vast thing
life is, and how many great things are
waiting to be done.

It is probable that some of the future
sons and daughters of the Empire will
one day look back and find that the
beginnings of their imagination, and
their will to be great men and women,
lay in the two hours of happiness which
they got for a penny in that fine place
in the Commercial Road.

Continued from the previous column

Last year Mori set to work in earnest.
By degrees he rounded up all the
criminals of the Mafia till there were
hundreds in the gaols. The Mafiasti
grinned. They had been in prison before.

But soon their grinning turned to
curses, for Mori, backed by Mussolini,
had so weakened the prestige of the
Mafia that witnesses were not afraid to
come forward. Judges jumped to do
their duty. After a trial of more than
five months between one and two
hundred of the worst desperadoes of the
Mafia have just been sentenced to terms
of imprisonment which will keep them
out of Sicily for ten, twenty, or thirty
years to come. Altogether over 300
people have now been sentenced and
160 more are on their trial.

The shadow of the Mafia has been
removed from Sicily. In the sunlight
the peasants are coming out to till their
fields, and they are no longer afraid to
live alone in their cottages. The land-
owners are no longer deterred from
living on their estates in the interior.
Trees and crops and cattle are safe.

Mussolini has made Sicily a land fit
for common people to live in. It is
one of the great things he must be given
credit for by all the world.

THE SECRET OF THE AGES

Told by John Halden

CHAPTER 19

The Golden Reindeer

JOSEPHINE'S progress down the cliff was less running than sliding. Breathless and covered with mud, she at last reached the dam above the drained pool where her brother was groping about, over his elbows in the mud. He straightened up as he saw her, and, careless of the consequences to his clothes, dug a dripping hand into his pocket and held out an object to her without a word.

Josephine gasped as she took it. It was a crude little statuette of a reindeer, no bigger than her own hand. The horns and one leg had been broken off, and where they had been the scars showed pure, soft gold. The rest of the piece was dull and crusted from ages in the earth.

"What do you think of it?" said Jerry proudly, his eyes glinting with excitement. "I stepped on it while I was wading about here looking for the gun. We're in luck, eh?"

Jo looked at him solemnly. "We'll go down to fame as the people who discovered a village of Stone Age artists!"

Jerry laughed. "And if we find the source of their material, the gold mine, we'll go back to England as millionaires," he returned. "Remember how we figured it out, Jo. It's not likely that Stone Age man would have known how to crush gold out of gold-bearing rock. But if he came upon gold in pockets in the earth he would have found the soft, bright metal very easy and attractive to work."

"The mammoth comes first, though, doesn't he?" said Jo, looking up at the shaggy beast in the cliff above them. "It was he who brought us our luck."

"He will have to," returned Jerry, climbing out of the icy mud and rubbing his legs to get the circulation back. "What I'm afraid of is that the frost will come and freeze this mud solid. Then it will be hopeless trying to sift out the other things which I'm sure are here."

"True enough," agreed Jo. "But the frost will make it impossible to excavate the mammoth. As it is now three or four feet of surface above and in front of him are thawed and we have only about eight feet to go each way."

Jerry began pulling on his boots with a determined air.

"Go get Yak and Imuk, will you, old thing? We'll have them carry spades and tackle up the cliff while we sift this mud."

"All the same, I do wish Father were here," remarked Jo as she rose and started for camp. "How excited he'd be! If we are really near the site of a prehistoric village he'd know far better than we what a perfectly marvellous archaeological find it is and how to go about excavating it."

"Not to speak of the help his men and supplies would be," added Jerry, and went thoughtfully to work again. They were painfully short-handed, and their father's whereabouts was unknown to them. Should they risk sending for him? If so, who would go? The summer was more than half over, and eight months of hard frost, deep snow, and darkness were in prospect. Whatever was to be done must be done at once.

CHAPTER 20

Fears for Jerry

WRINKLING her brows over the same problem, Jo made her way back to camp. Here a feast was in progress. The dogs, tied to separate stakes to keep them from fighting, were growling over chunks of fresh bear meat. Beside a roaring fire Yak and Imuk were holding festival over bear steaks.

The two natives looked up at her and grinned.

"Fine!" said Imuk, his round face beaming. "White boy brave like man. Get good eat."

Jo was relieved to see that Imuk had come to share Yak's admiration for his master. But she decided to put an end to the feast. She knew that if she let the two natives gorge themselves to repletion they would sleep the rest of the day, and time was short.

"White boy wants you down by the river," she said. "Go at once, please. You can take your food with you."

The two brown faces fell. Both natives felt a holiday should have been declared in honour of the kill, but Jo ignored them and continued to drag the necessary tackle from under the tarpaulin.

Seeing she was determined, Yak and Imuk rose reluctantly and took up the spades and picks. With their free hands each snatched up an ash-sprinkled steak from the fire, and Yak paused to point out some pieces of meat roasting on a frame of green sticks before the fire.

"These for you. I keep him. Best part. Fine," he invited, grinning.

Jo was so pleased to see that the natives were really friendly again that she forced herself to nod and smile. But when they were gone she shuddered at the thought of eating her would-be slayer. She took the meat away from the fire and put it aside for the natives' supper. After all, it was a good thing they were willing to eat bear meat, for the tinned provisions the twins had brought on the expedition might give out.

Near by the pelt of the bear, roughly skinned off but not scraped, lay pegged out on the ground, and Jo repressed a shudder as she glanced at it. She had brought the recovered gun with her, and now set to work cleaning and oiling it carefully, for it must be got ready for use in case the mammoth should be again attacked by wild animals.

She was still engaged at this work when her brother came up the hill for lunch.

"Pemmican, Jerry, or bear steak?" she asked, looking up.

Jerry looked at the piles of raw bear beside the fire and appeared to struggle with himself.

"I suppose one should eat bear and save the other provisions," he said, "but hang it, Jo, I can't bring myself to it, hungry as I am. Can you?"

"No, I can't," confessed his sister. "Though we may wish we had if the other supplies give out prematurely. But never mind, the natives like it."

"Good! That saves our tinned stuff," returned Jerry, throwing himself wearily down on the moss and picking up the cleaned and loaded gun. "Good girl! No more adventures like this morning. One of us must always be near the mammoth with the gun. I thought I heard a wolf a while ago."

Jo fanned the coals in the samovar with Jerry's shoe after the Russian manner.

"What are the men doing?" she asked.

"Digging for dear life," answered Jerry. "The ground is not too hard to work at the surface where it is thawed. But I had to bluster a bit to make them have anything to do with excavating the mammoth. They were convinced he would visit his wrath on them and their families once he was out. I told them that you and I would be the only ones to suffer. Finally they lay down at the edge of the cliff and shouted over to him that they were doing this with reluctance, and would he please turn his displeasure on us rather than them. Then I told them I'd have no more nonsense, and gave them a terrible look or two, and they set to work."

"You're a pretty good slave-driver," approved Jo as she set out the meal and sat down beside her brother. "But I imagine it was your way with the bear more than your fierce looks that impressed them. I call yours a good morning's work. Not only did you find this wonderful statuette, with all that it implies, but you saved my insignificant life in single-handed combat with a ravaging beast before breakfast. And that has furnished us dog's meat, a feast for Yak and Imuk, the saving of tinned supplies, and, above all, the respect which we never before got from them! A good morning's work, my son."

"Has it earned me an hour's sleep, do you think?" yawned Jerry. "Be a good child, and cling to the gun in case the natives are attacked, or the mammoth, while I turn in for a bit. I feel fairly done. I'll do the same for you later."

Jo looked rather anxiously at her brother's flushed face. Surely the wounds from the bear's claws had been thoroughly disinfected!

"Do you feel feverish?" she asked. "Those scratches might have been more poisoned than I thought. Drink some more hot tea, and let me just have a look at the bandages."

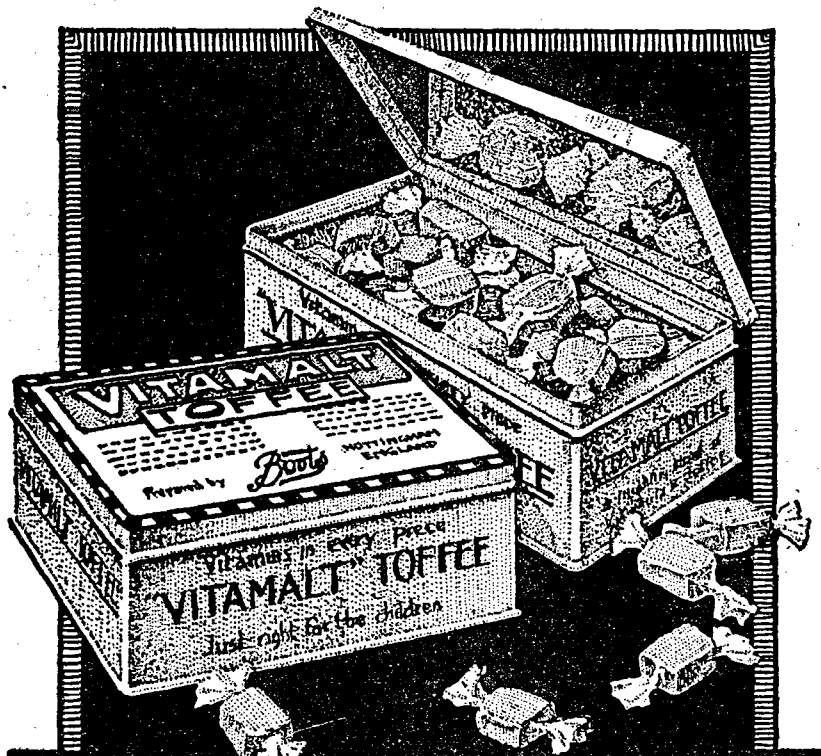
Jerry winced as she took off the bandage that covered one eye and most of his cheek. She had already washed the wound carefully, but now she painted it again with iodine, in spite of Jerry's protesting growls.

"Now turn in and sleep it off," she commanded as she fastened the bandage again. "How does your hand feel?"

"All right," said Jerry sleepily, while she piled blankets over him. "You're making me too hot."

Continued on the next page

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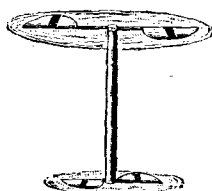
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"I want to," said Jo firmly, and put a fur rug on top. "You'd no business wading about in that icy mud so soon after your fight with the bear."

But Jerry was already asleep. Jo left him with an anxious frown on her brow.

"Oh, nonsense!" she told herself after a few moments of apprehension. "Jerry has an excellent constitution." She arranged a mosquito net over her brother and went off toward the place of excavations, the rifle over her shoulder.

Yak and Imuk, who were having a friendly chat over a pipe, jumped up hastily as she approached.

"Evidently they won't work unless they are watched," thought Jo. But she said nothing, merely resolving that she or Jerry must always be at hand if the natives were to be of any use. They set to digging again with a will, however, as she told them briskly where it was to be done.

By evening they had dug a patch about three feet deep, ten feet long, and five feet across directly above the mammoth.

"About five feet farther down to go," she calculated as the three of them went back for supper. She meant to spend as little time as possible over that meal and return to guard the parts of the mammoth already exposed. Yak and Imuk had not yet proved themselves loyal enough to be trusted with their only gun.

"The next five feet will be much slower work, though," she continued to herself. "It will be frozen gravel and stone ice, and we'll have to get it out with picks. Why not build fires on it and thaw it farther down? That's an idea!"

Jo went at once, on reaching camp, to her brother and laid her hand on his forehead. He was still in a sound, natural sleep and his forehead was cool.

"So that's all right," murmured Josephine with a deep sigh of relief. She had not fully realised till now how frightened she had been for Jerry; with the sense that he was safe an overwhelming fatigue came over her.

She went out to the fire that the natives were busy replenishing, waved aside their offer of food, and sank down on the moss, the rifle under her hand. A little while later she was aware that Imuk was holding a steaming bowl before her face. It smelled good, and she drank it obediently, though knowing very well that it was bear-meat.

Continued in the last column

JACKO IS VERY SORRY

To the surprise of the Jacko family, Great-Aunt Selina wrote to say that she was sending Adolphus a present of a bicycle.

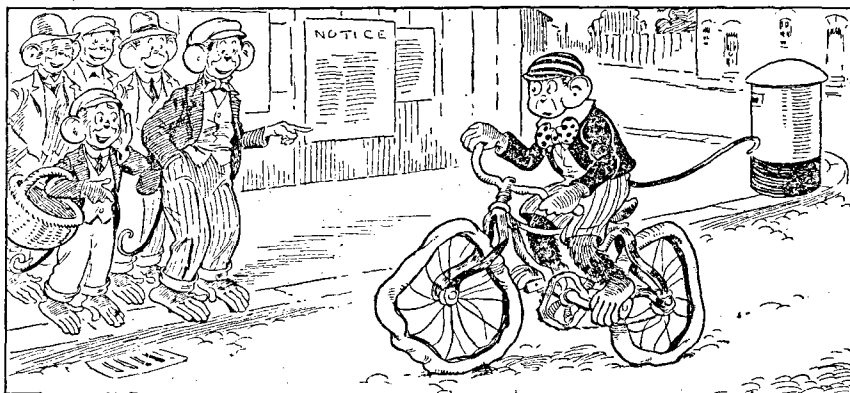
"Coo!" remarked Jacko. "A motor-bike?"

"Fancy Selina turning up again after all these years!" said Mother Jacko. "No, dear, not a motor-bicycle. Great-Aunt Selina wouldn't approve of motors."

Adolphus grunted. "Still, I can sell it," he said.

"I'll run down to the station to see if it's come," said Jacko.

"You keep away!" cried his brother. But he might have saved his breath,



He rode it home amid the jeers of half the town

for in half an hour the young rascal had run it to earth at the goods office, and was riding it proudly away. At the cross roads he came upon his friend Chimp.

"Hallo!" Chimp called out. "That yours?"

"No fear!" said Jacko. "It's a present to Adolphus. I'm taking it home for him. Jump up behind, and I'll give you a ride."

Chimp accepted the invitation without a word, and away they went.

"Not so bad," said Jacko after a bit, and out of sheer high spirits he began to try to shake Chimp off. Chimp, of course, hung on like a limpet. In the scuffle the bicycle ran up a bank, turned a complete somersault, and collapsed.

Chimp and Jacko were lucky to get off without a scratch, but the bicycle was in a frightful state. Jacko rode it home amid the jeers of half the town.

"I'm sorry, Adolphus," he began, as he caught sight of his brother. "Had an accident! I'm afraid you won't get so much for it now," he added.

But Adolphus was smiling. "I'm afraid you won't," he said.

"Afraid I won't?" stammered Jacko.

Adolphus waved a telegram. "That—wreck," he said, glancing at the bicycle, "is Great-Aunt Selina's present to you; she's sending me a two-seater."

broth. Her last memory after that, before she went sound asleep, was of Yak bending over her, conferring with Imuk, and then bringing a thick fur rug, which he laid carefully over her.

As dawn appeared after the short night Jerry crawled out of the tent, feeling refreshed and quite fit again. He saw Josephine rolled up in furs asleep beside the embers of the camp fire, the rifle under her hand. Farther down the slope lay Yak and Imuk, also asleep.

Walking lightly so as not to disturb her, Jerry cautiously slipped the gun from under Jo's hand, and, fearing that she might be frightened at its loss when she woke, he put his wrist watch in its place so that she would know who had taken it. A few minutes later, with spade and pick, he leaped down into the trench which had been made while he had slept.

Before he had dug very far Jerry came to the ice they had foreseen would be a few feet below the surface. This stone ice, which in Northern Siberia has never been thawed in the course of many thousands of years, is estimated to extend two or three hundred feet into the ground. Now digging became very difficult. Little by little Jerry picked away at the brown ice mixed with gravel, confining his work to a small section of the trench near where he estimated the tail of the mammoth would be.

At last Jo called from the other side of the river to tell him that breakfast was ready. Jerry straightened up thankfully, and shouted that he was coming.

Then suddenly, as he threw down his tools, something just under the surface of the ice caught his eye. He bent again to examine it, and then began excitedly to pick at the ice once more. A few careful blows brought the thing to light. He jumped out and shouted wildly at the retreating back of his sister.

Jo ran to the side of the cliff and peered up from under the mammoth at her brother's head, leaning over the top. He threw her a rope, twisted it round a stump, and in a few moments Jo was beside him.

Jo, after her first gasp of astonishment, looked at her brother with incredulous eyes. "But—that's impossible!" she stammered. "It's a sabre-toothed tiger!"

TO BE CONTINUED



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Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE redbreast lays a second time. The spotted flycatcher lays. Young pheasants are hatched. The landrail's note is first heard. The last of the nightingale's song is heard. The common blue butterfly and the small garden chafer are seen. The red poppy, clustered bellflower, watercress, rye-grass, burnet rose, deadly nightshade, bladder-campion, flexweed, sainfoin, buckthorn, speedwell, scarlet pimpernel, honeysuckle, and red valerian are in blossom.

Ici On Parle Français



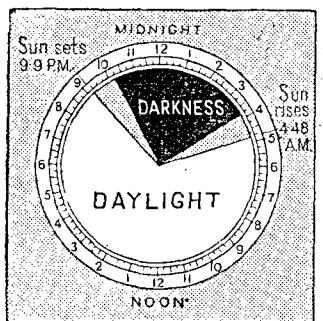
La cravate un arbre le billet

Il a oublié de mettre sa cravate. Cachons-nous derrière cet arbre. Présentons ce billet au contrôle.

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Charlatan. A charlatan of any kind is often spoken of as a mountebank, but originally the term meant only a quack doctor who mounted a bank or bench to speak to the crowd. The word has come to us from the Italian.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mars is in the West, Neptune is in the South-West, and Saturn is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on June 3.



What Am I?

THOUGH I'm quite blind, and fragile too, I can be of good use to you. Life is all ups and downs with me, No sooner daylight do you see Than I diminish, bit by bit, And on a narrow pole I sit. Sometimes I lash myself in vain And beat upon the window-pane, The whole world has a painful face. Then people put me in my place, Remarking that I'm very blind. What wonder is it that I mind? So, if you should this riddle see, Dear reader, show myself to me!

Answer next week

A Ton of Coal

ONE ton of coal can be made to yield ten thousand cubic feet of gas, thirteen hundredweight of coke, and ten gallons of tar. The temperature of a coal fire is 2400 degrees Fahrenheit.

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in slit but not in tear,
My second's in grizzly but not in bear,
My third is in age but not in old,
My fourth is in hot but not in cold,
My fifth is in bright but not in dull,
My sixth is in pigeon but not in gull,
My seventh's in sniff but not in snort,
My eighth is in long but not in short,
My ninth is in figure but not in form,
My whole is a wonder oft seen in a storm.

Answer next week

Do You Live at Wells?

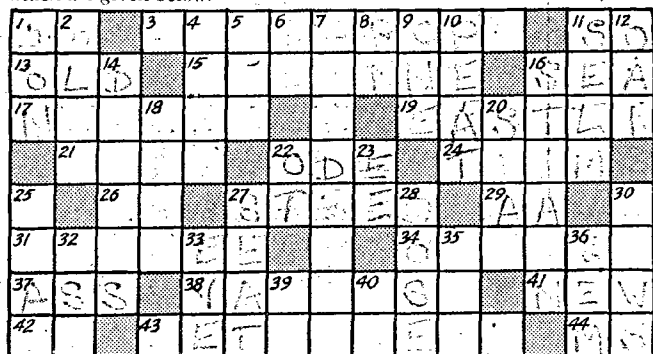
THIS place in Somerset was founded in A.D. 704 and received its name from three springs in the garden of the bishop's palace there. Wells in Norfolk is also so named after a spring in the district.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Picture Acrostic
B o o k s
R a b b i t
A e r o p l a n e
S m o k e
S a i l
A Diagonal Acrostic
C r o c o d i l e
s h a r p e n e d
b l a c k l e a d
s t a m p e d
b l a m e l e s s
s t a r t l i n g
a p p r e h e n s i o n
A Puzzle Story
Ingots, giant.
An Enigma
Sealing-wax.
Stepwords
O, or, ore, sore, store, poster, protest.
A Charade. Landrail.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which are given below.



Reading Across. 1. Accomplish. 3. A written document. 11. Thus. 13. Ancient. 15. Punishment. 16. The ocean. 17. Female relations. 19. A Christian festival. 21. An augury. 22. A poem. 24. A period. 26. Preposition. 27. A horse. 29. Automobile Association.* 31. A leg covering. 34. To compel. 37. A donkey. 38. Genus of highly-coloured butterflies. 41. Fresh. 42. Compass point.* 43. That which prevents. 44. Manuscript.*

Reading Down. 1. To put on. 2. A medley. 4. Clear. 5. French for the. 6. Above and touching. 7. One skilled in horticulture. 8. The Navy.* 9. A unit. 10. A kind of turf used as fuel. 11. To appear. 12. Used for rowing. 14. Relinquishes. 16. To exert to the utmost. 18. An American coin. 20. A marine carnivorous animal. 22. Old Testament.* 23. Errors excepted.* 25. To reach from one side to the other. 27. A chair. 28. A prescribed quantity of medicine. 30. Recent intelligence. 32. Service. 33. Mother of us all. 35. A prohibition. 36. Precious stone. 39. Compass point.* 40. Famous railway.*

Dr. MERRYMAN

Laundry Marks

CUSTOMER: A shirt was missing from the batch of laundry you returned to me.

Shopman: What were the laundry marks?

Customer: Badly-frayed cuffs and a hole burned in the back.

Correct

"If I cut a steak in two, and then cut each part in two, what do I get?" asked the teacher.

"Quarters," replied the pupil. "Then if I cut each part into four?"

"Sixteenths."

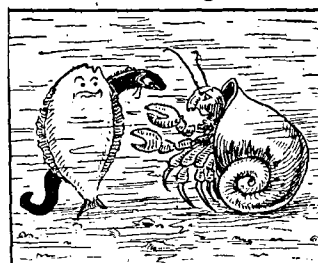
"Correct," said the teacher. "Then each part into two again?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"And again cutting each part into two?" queried the teacher.

"Minced beef," replied the pupil.

Troublesome Neighbours



THAT he'd much rather live alone

The Hermit-Crablet feels,
But he can't escape the visits
Of friendly soles and eels!

The Waiter

THE diner was very dissatisfied with the service and so sent for the manager.

"Do you pay your waiters in this restaurant?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir," replied the manager.

"Then kindly pay me a half-day's wage. I can wait no longer."

Pedestrians Only

AN old farmer was driving some cattle to market when two of them walked on the pathway.

"Don't you know that the pavement is for pedestrians only?" shouted a policeman.

"Well, my cattle are on foot," replied the farmer.

The Boaster

A KANGAROO bragged "Very soon I shall nightly jump over the Moon."

Then the Cat his old fiddle Will break in the middle. While the Cow's carried off in a swoon!"



First Teeth and first principles

So much depends upon the care of children's first teeth. If first teeth are allowed to become affected by decay there is every danger that the second set will be affected also. Your dentist will confirm this.

Start children early in the Kolynos habit. Kolynos contains no grit to injure the delicate enamel of little teeth.

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TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MARTIN and his mother always stayed with Mrs. Bird at the village post-office. This, Martin thought, was the most exciting part of their holiday, for Mrs. Bird would sometimes let Martin stand behind the tiny post-office counter. And Larry Bird, who was three years older than Martin, and took round the telegrams, was a great hero in his eyes.

One morning Martin found Mrs. Bird sealing up an orange envelope.

"Dearie me, Master Martin," she said, "everything seems to be topsy-turvy

this morning. There's Larry hurt his knee cycling and in bed till the doctor comes, and a telegram to go to Mr. Piper at the Grange, and not a soul to take it. I dare not leave the telephone."

"I'll take it!" cried Martin eagerly. "Oh, do let me, Mrs. Bird!"

"Would you be very careful, Master Martin, if I let you?"

"I'll be very careful, Mrs. Bird," Martin promised.

So Mrs. Bird put the telegram in the leather-pouch and Martin strapped it on.

How proudly he went!

As he waited at the Grange a gentleman ap-



Martin felt very proud

peared with the open telegram in his hand.

"There's no reply," he said, and then added, in surprise: "Oh, hello! I

LARRY'S SIXPENCE

thought you were Larry Bird. I came out to give him sixpence for bringing me such a nice telegram."

"Larry's hurt his knee and is in bed," said Martin.

"Mummy and I are staying there, and Mrs. Bird let me bring along the telegram. But," he added shyly, "please I'd like to take the sixpence back to Larry. I expect he hates being in bed."

Mr. Piper handed Martin the sixpence, smiling.

"Well, you give that to Larry, and tell him he's a lucky fellow to have a friend who does his work for him so well."